

NOV.

No. 29

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64

PAGES

SPARKLING

STARS





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

CRIME AND CRIME PREVENTION AUTHORITY WRITES FOR US



J. M. MASTER
U. S. Probation Officer
Southern District of New York

Would you like to have an expert — known by prison officials, district attorneys and police officers all over the country — tell you why criminals and juvenile delinquents (so-called "bad" boys and "bad" girls) get that way? And how crime can be reduced?

Well, you can have the privilege of reading special articles concerning the foregoing subjects, written by J. M. Master, U.S. Probation Officer. We have induced him to write on many interesting topics in connection with his work.

The first three of the series of articles appearing in early issues of SPARKLING STARS, written by the U. S. Probation Officer are:—

"WHY 'BAD' BOYS ARE CRIMINALS?"

"WHY THREE BOYS TURNED CRIMINALS?"

"WRONG START, RIGHT END, MADE BY THREE BOYS"

The 20 years that Mr. Master has spent in and out of prison and correctional work, include the following positions:—

Personnel Officer of the Massachusetts State Prison, executive secretary of the Big Brother Association of Boston, supervisor of the Personnel Dept., of the Mass. Reformatory for Men, supervisor of the information and complaint dept. of the Juvenile Court for the District of Columbia, probation director and editorial assistant of the Attorney General's Survey of Release & Procedure of the U.S. Depart-

ment of Justice, and warden's assistant of the Federal Detention Headquarters, New York City.

In the course of his prison work, Mr. Master became skilled in the use of revolvers, machine guns, tear gas, ju-jitsu, etc. But although he can deal with the toughest criminal, Mr. Master is also an understanding scholar. He has B.A. and M.A. degrees from Harvard University, and in addition, studied at the New School for Social Research and at the N.Y. School of Social Work.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Much has been written about the so-called glamorous careers of criminals. But in an early issue of SPARKLING STARS will appear the far more glamorous career of an outstanding detective of the New York Police Department — written by a friend who has known him for a long time. Its title is:—

A GREAT BROADWAY DETECTIVE— A TRUE CRIME FIGHTER

HOLYOKE PUBLISHING CO., 1 Appleton St., Holyoke, Massachusetts

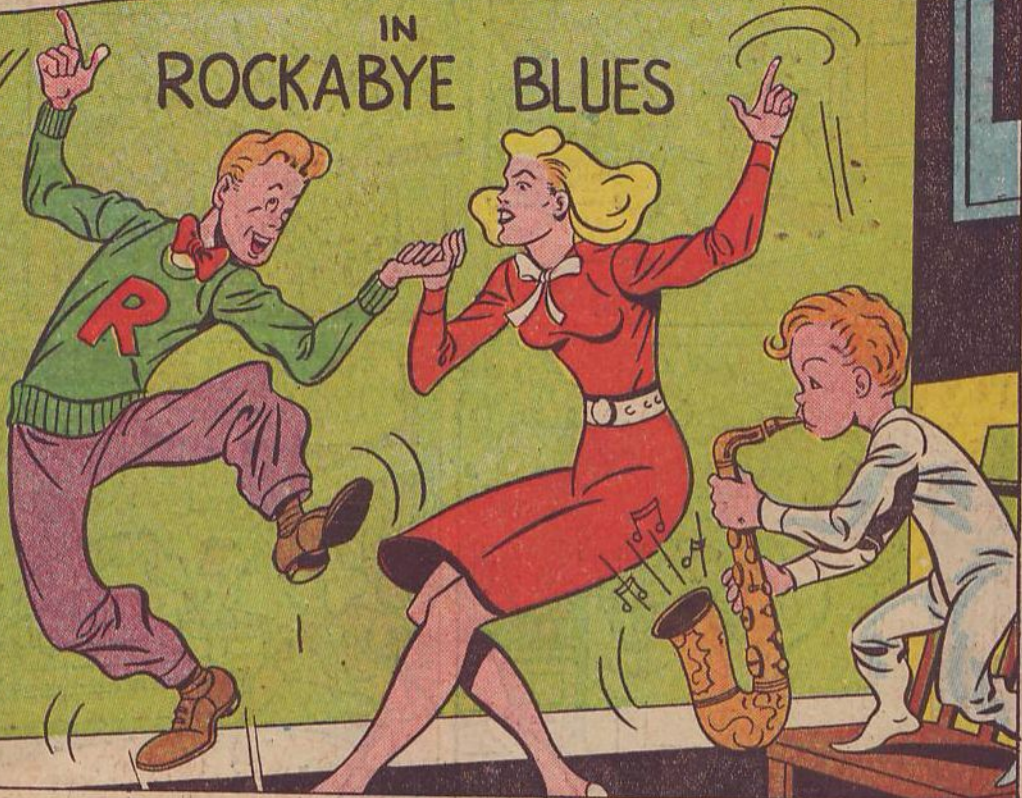
I don't want to miss receiving my monthly copy of Sparkling Stars, so here is my dollar bill. Please send me the next 12 big issues of Sparkling Stars—my favorite comic book.

NAME TOWN
STREET STATE

SPARKLING STARS, November, 1947. No. 29: Published monthly by Holyoke Publishing Co. Office of publication, 1 Appleton Street, Holyoke, Mass. Editorial and executive offices, 1475 Broadway, Times Bldg., New York 18, N. Y. Entered as second class matter January 16, 1946, at the Post Office at Holyoke, Mass., under the act of March 3, 1879. Price: 10 cents per copy. Subscription rates: 12 issues in the United States and its possessions, \$1.00. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Copyright, 1947, by Holyoke Publishing Co. Contents must not be reproduced without permission. The names of all characters that are used are fictitious. Use of a name which is the same as that of any living person is accidental. Printed in U. S. A.

SAXIE and PEACHES:

IN
ROCKABYE BLUES



SAY, GALS, HOW ABOUT A DATE FOR SAXIE AND ME?

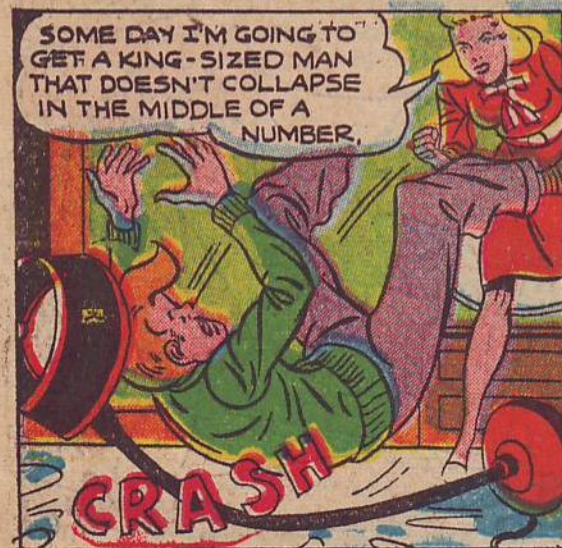
SORRY. PEACHES AND I ARE BOOKED FOR A BABY-SITTING JOB AT THE POTTER'S HOME AT 8 P.M.

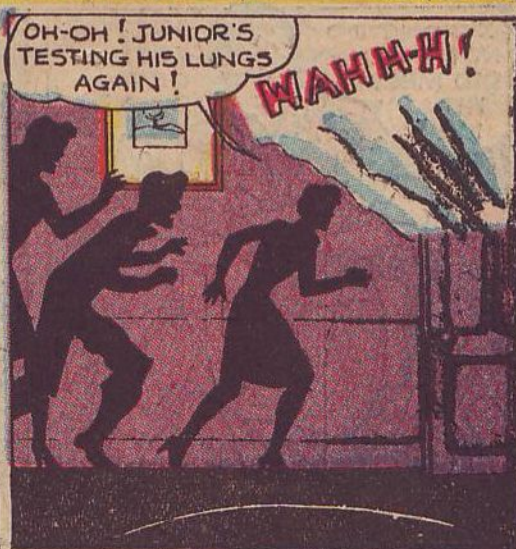
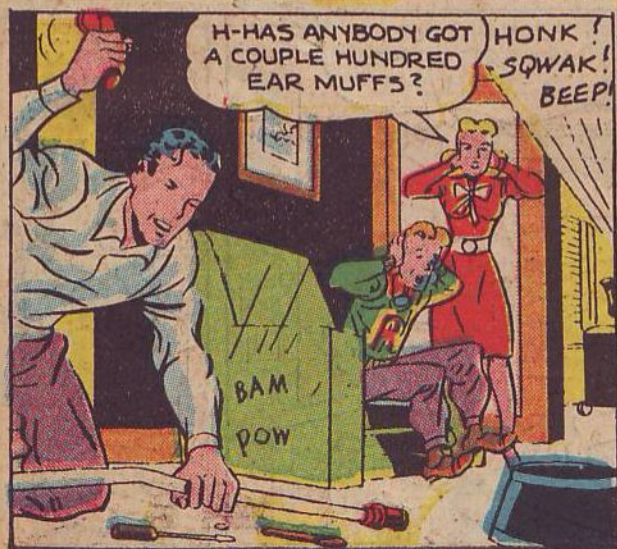
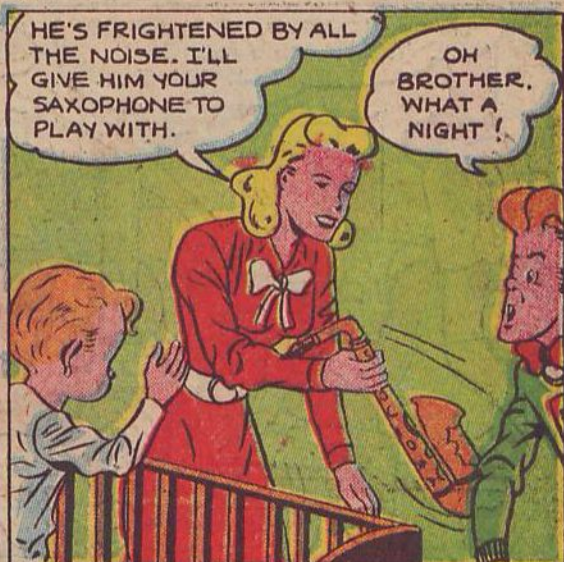
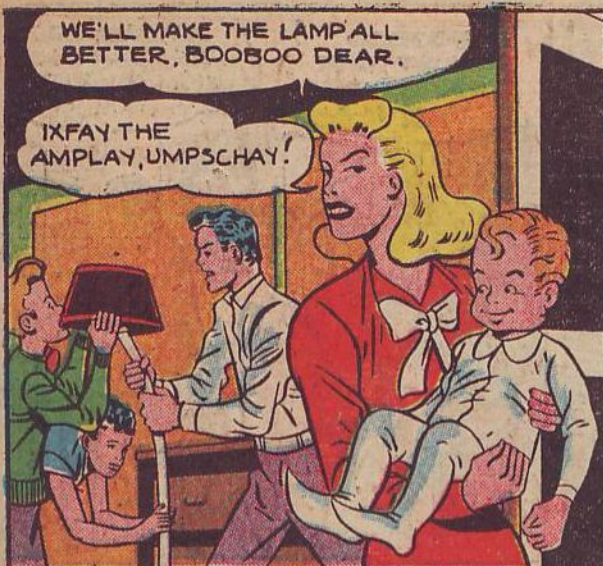
TECK AND I WOULD BE PLEASED TO SERVE YOU FAIR DAMSELS AS ASSISTANT SITTERS AND BOTTLE WARMERS AT THE POTTER PLACE.

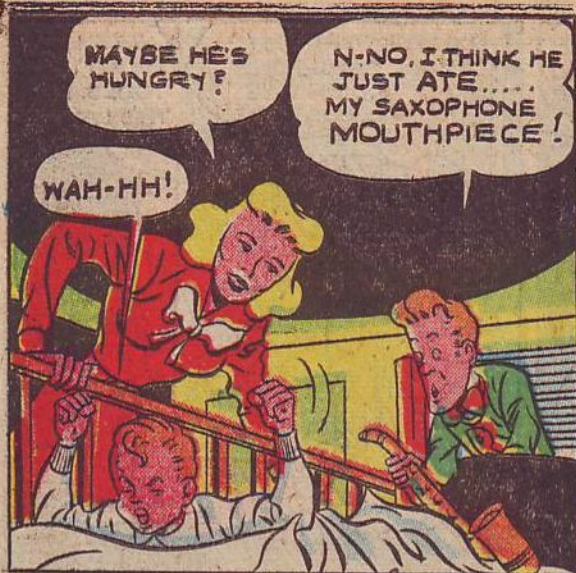
SAXIE, YOU ARE A GALLANT COUNT DE CORN!

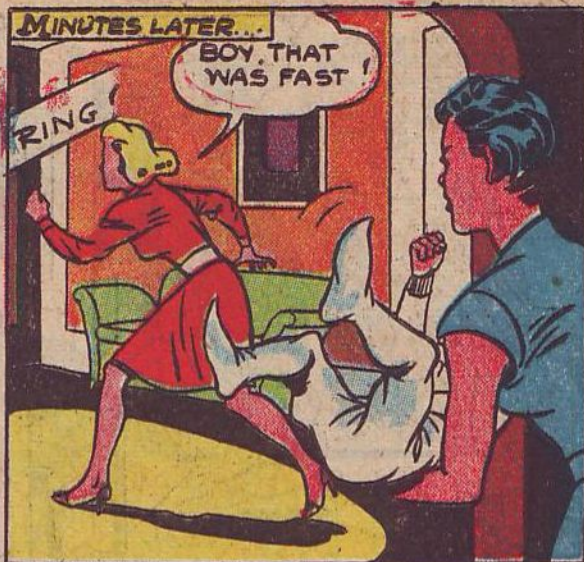


AND AT 8 THAT EVENING....







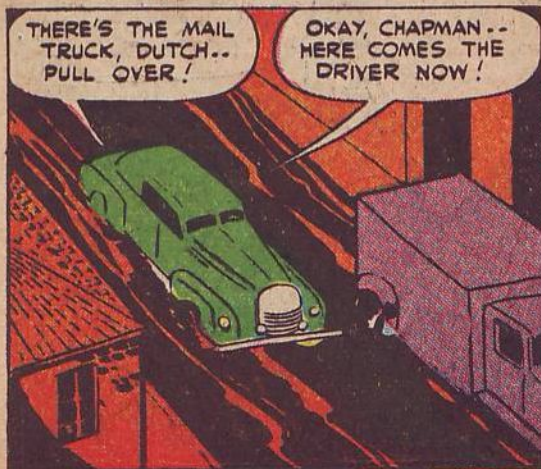




TRUE DRAMATIC CRIME



NEW YORK, OCT. 24, 1921...





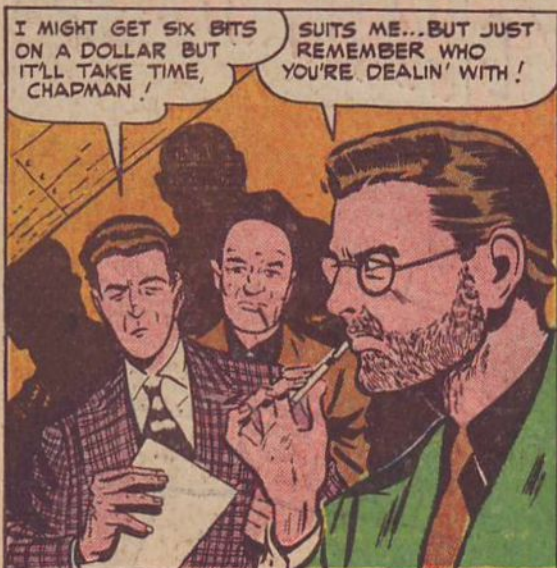
GET THESE TO THE CAR...WE GOTTA GET AWAY FROM HERE!



LATER, AT CHAPMAN'S NEW YORK HIDEOUT...

THIS IS JIMMIE, THE FENCE. HE CAN HANDLE THESE HOT BONDS FOR US!

O.K...WE NEED CASH QUICK! THERE'S TWO MILLION WORTH THERE! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET?



I MIGHT GET SIX BITS ON A DOLLAR BUT IT'LL TAKE TIME, CHAPMAN!

SUITS ME...BUT JUST REMEMBER WHO YOU'RE DEALIN' WITH!



DON'T WORRY, CHAPMAN...YOU CAN TRUST ME!

O.K. BUT LET'S SEE HOW FAST YOU CAN GET THE DOUGH.



A WEEK LATER...

YOU'RE STALLIN', JIMMIE...I WANT THE DOUGH FOR THOSE BONDS NOW...OR DUTCH HERE WILL GIVE YOU A WORKING OVER! NOW SPILL IT...WHAT'S THE SCORE?

LISTEN, CHAPMAN... I'M DOING YOU A FAVOR TRYING TO GET RID OF THOSE HOT BONDS...



...I NEED A FEW MORE DAYS, AND DON'T TRY TO GET ROUGH BECAUSE YOU DON'T SCARE ME!

THERE'S SOMETHING PHONEY
ABOUT THAT GUY, DUTCH---
MAYBE YOU BETTER FOLLOW HIM!

TAKE IT EASY, CHAPMAN...
LET'S GIVE HIM
ANOTHER DAY!



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, AT CHAPMAN'S HIDEOUT...

THERE'S SOMEONE
KNOCKING... IT MUST
BE JIMMIE!

YEAH, ANDERSON,
AN' HE BETTER
HAVE OUR DOUGH!



WHA... JIMMIE!
YA DOUBLE
CROSSIN'...

NO, CHAPMAN... I WORK
FOR THE EXPRESS
COMPANY! REMEMBER
THAT \$70,000 JOB
IN NIAGARA FALLS?



CHAPMAN
GOT 25
YEARS IN
ATLANTA
FOR THE
MAIL
ROBBERY,
BUT ON
MARCH
27, 1923...
IN THE
PRISON
HOSPITAL
WARD...

NOW'S OUR CHANCE,
FRED... ONLY THE
PRISON DOC IS HERE!

OKAY, CHAPMAN,
LET'S RUSH HIM!

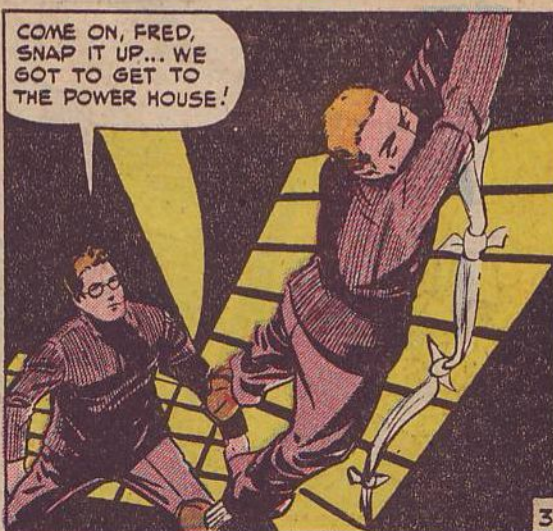


CHAPMAN!
WH... ODDF!

YOU'RE LUCKY. I
SHOULD KILL YOU,
BUT I AIN'T
GOT TIME!



COME ON, FRED,
SNAP IT UP... WE
GOT TO GET TO
THE POWER HOUSE!



TAKE CARE OF THAT GUARD!
I'M GOING IN HERE AND
RIP OUT THE ELECTRIC
CABLE!



THAT KNOCKS OUT THE
MAIN CABLE... LET THEM
TRY AN' FIND US IN
THE DARK.



HURRY, CHAPMAN,
THEY'LL HAVE THAT
CABLE FIXED IN A
FEW MINUTES!

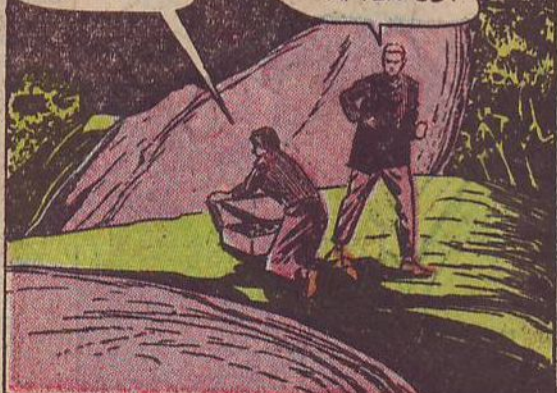
WE'LL MAKE IT... BUT
KEEP LOW! THEY
CAN'T SPOT US NOW.



CHAPMAN AND HIS CELL MATE MAKE GOOD THEIR
ESCAPE... 20 MINUTES LATER IN A NEARBY WOODS.

HERE'S THE GUNS
AND CLOTHES MY
FRIENDS HID
FOR ME!

LET'S CHANGE QUICK,
CHAPMAN... I THINK
THEY HAVE THE DOGS
AFTER US!



LATER, ON A NEARBY HIGHWAY...

WE'RE IN LUCK! HERE
COMES A CAB... I'LL
DO THE TALKING!

RIGHT, CHAPMAN! GET
OUT THERE AND
STOP HIM!



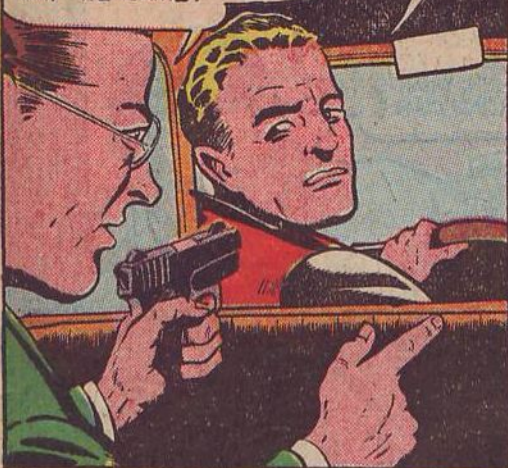
O.K. DRIVER, WE'RE
GOING TO ATHENS AND
THIS IS OUR FARE!
JUST BE A GOOD BOY!

A GUN! YES... YES
SIR! ANYTHING
YOU SAY!



O.K., DRIVER...STOP HERE...
WHEN WE GET OUT, TURN
AROUND AND GO BACK THE
WAY WE CAME!

YE...YEAH...
SURE...



HEY! YOU TWO...
STOP! WE WANT
TO ASK...

A POSSE,
CHAPMAN...LET'S
GET AWAY
FROM HERE!



I'M HIT...

KEEP GOING,
CHAPMAN...
THEY'LL KILL US!



DO YOU MUGS
GIVE UP?

YEAH!
DON'T SHOOT
ANYMORE!



SERIOUSLY WOUNDED, CHAPMAN ESCAPED FROM THE PRISON WARD OF THE HOSPITAL IN
ATHENS. HE WAS NEXT HEARD OF OCT. 12, 1924, IN NEW BRITAIN, CONN., WHEN, WITH AN
ACCOMPLICE NAMED SHEAN, HE BROKE INTO A DEPARTMENT STORE.

HURRY, CHAPMAN...
I FEEL UNEASY!

A FEW MINUTES
MORE...



WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE?





OHHH!

THIS IS WHAT'S
GOING ON,
COPPER!



CHAPMAN ESCAPED AGAIN, FINALLY, JAN. 18,
1925, IN MUNCIE, INDIANA...

SO THEY GRABBED SHEAN!
SUCKER, I TOLD HIM TO
GET OUT OF THE EAST!
THEY'LL NEVER GET
ME! HUH, WHAT'S THIS?
A SQUAD CAR?



O.K., CHAPMAN,
WE'VE GOT YOU
THIS TIME!

NO YOU DON'T,
COPPERS!

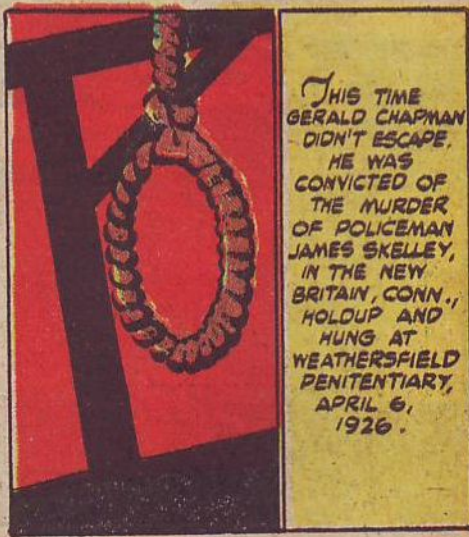


WE'VE GOT YOU,
CHAPMAN, DROP IT!

WHAT D'YA THINK I
AM, A PUNK?

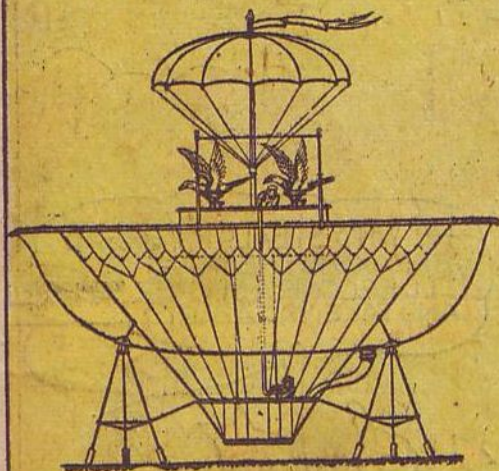


YOU'RE ONE MUG I
ENJOY BEATING...
YOU LOUSY PUNK!



THIS TIME
GERALD CHAPMAN
DIDN'T ESCAPE.
HE WAS
CONVICTED OF
THE MURDER
OF POLICEMAN
JAMES SKELLEY,
IN THE NEW
BRITAIN, CONN.,
HOLDUP AND
HUNG AT
WEATHERSFIELD
PENITENTIARY,
APRIL 6,
1926.

BRAIN EXPLOSIONS



No. 383,037

BEFORE THE WRIGHT BROTHERS FINALLY SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF HEAVIER THAN AIR TRAVEL BY PLANE, MANY PREVIOUS SCHEMES HAD BEEN TRIED.

HERE'S A BEAUT THAT WAS PATENTED IN 1887. FROM THE PATENT APPLICATION WE GATHER THE FOLLOWING FACTS --

"BY THIS ---- INVENTION THE ---- MOTOR AND GUIDING ARRANGEMENTS ARE REPLACED BY A LIVING MOTOR - SUCH AS EAGLES, VULTURES, CONDORS, ETC.

"IT MAY BE OBSERVED THAT THE BIRDS HAVE ONLY TO FLY, THE DIRECTION OF THEIR FLIGHT BEING CHANGED BY THE CONDUCTOR QUITE INDEPENDENTLY OF THEIR OWN WILL ---"

DEVICE FOR PRODUCING DIMPLES!!

NOW EVEN YOU CAN HAVE DIMPLES! WHY WAIT FOR NATURE WHEN SUCH A DEVICE AS THIS IS AVAILABLE?

NESTLED AMONG THE MANY PATENTS IN THE U.S. PATENT OFFICE IS THIS WONDERFUL DEVICE THAT MAN-KIND SO SORELY REQUIRES --

No. 680,367.

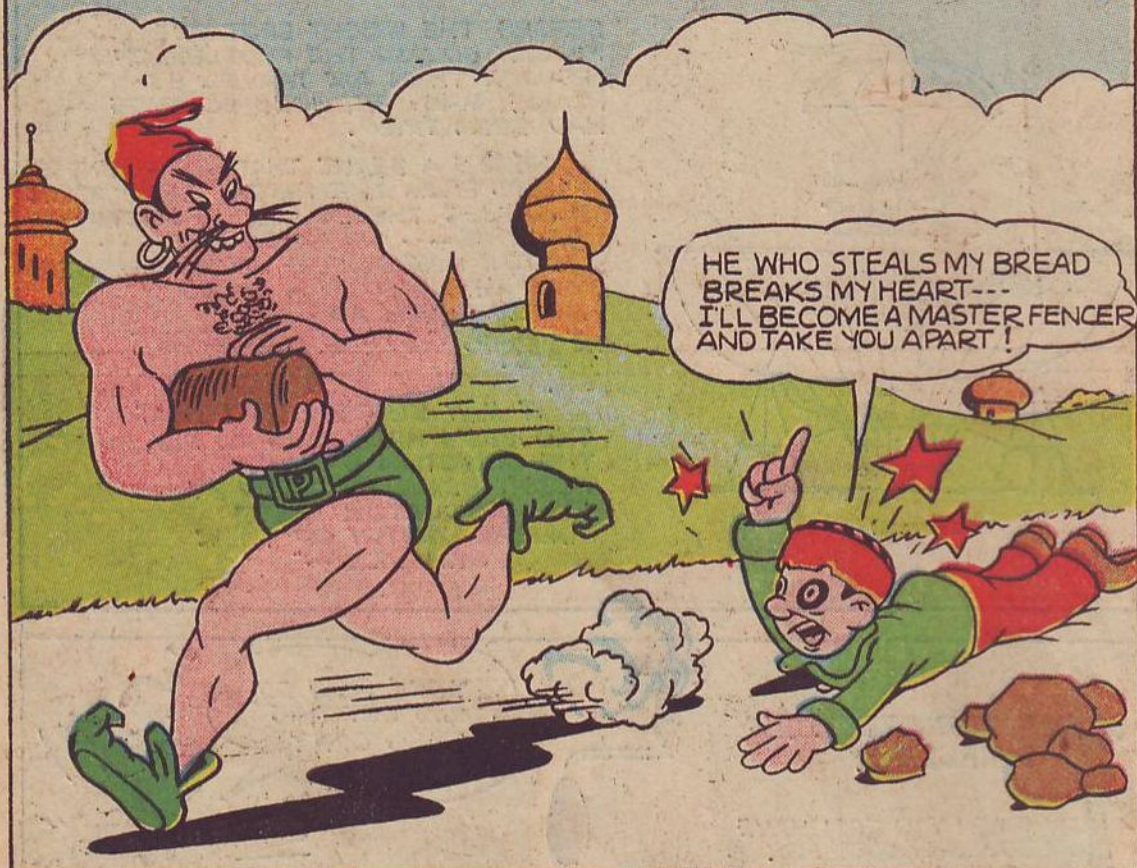


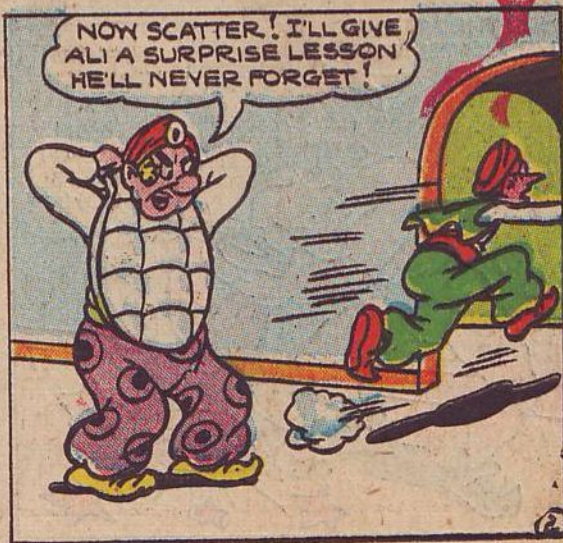
YIPE! HOW DO YOU GET THIS THING OFF?

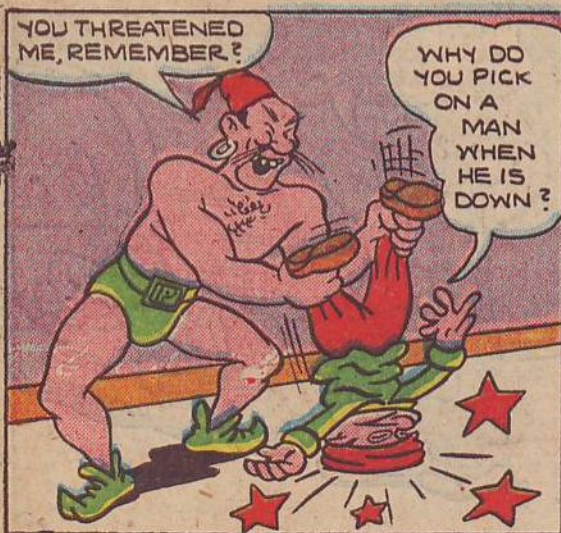


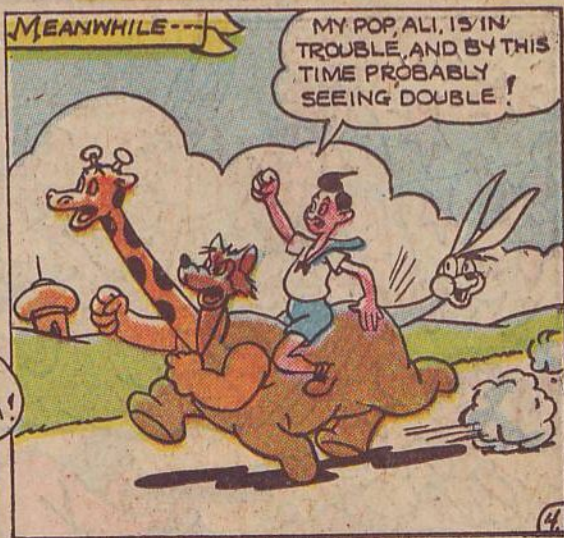
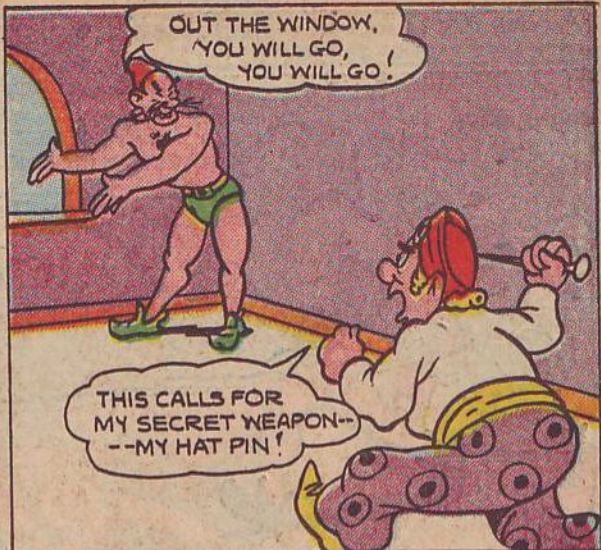
* ALL THESE INVENTIONS ARE AUTHENTIC. COMPLETE COPIES OF THE ORIGINAL PATENTS MAY BE HAD BY WRITING TO THE U.S. PATENT OFFICE AT WASHINGTON, D.C. GIVE THE NUMBER OF THE PATENTS AND ENCLOSE TEN CENTS.

ALI-BABA

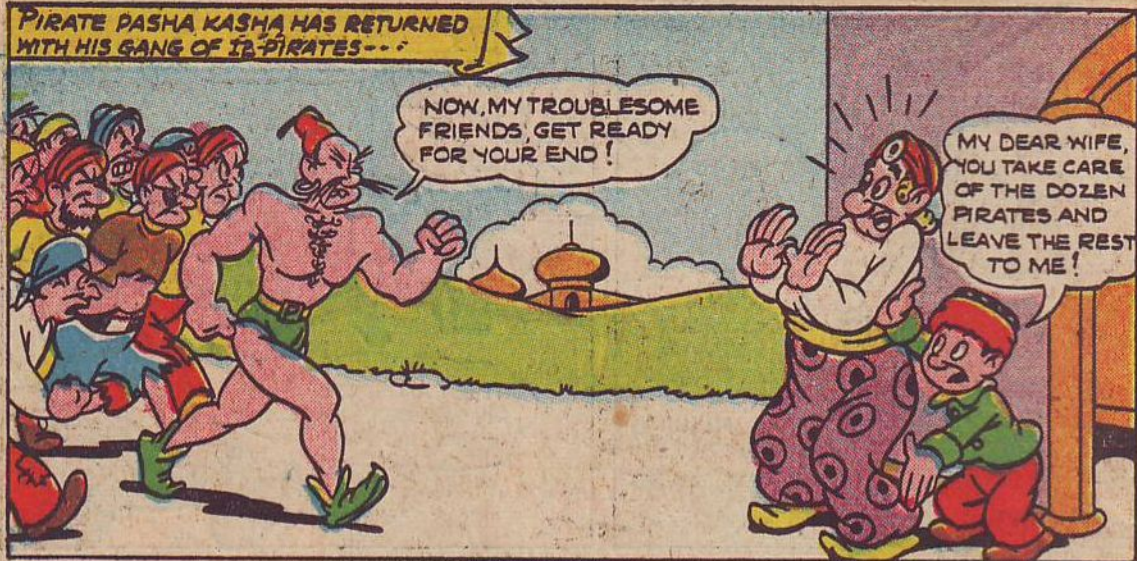








PIRATE PASHA KASHA HAS RETURNED
WITH HIS GANG OF 12 PIRATES...



THE BEATINGS ALI GOT FENCING WITH GRETCH HARDENED HIM SO, THAT HE COULD MEET ALL COMERS--

ALI CAN STAND UP TO THE GREATEST FENCER IN ARABIA!

THAT'S 12 TIMES HE'S FENCED WITH CHAMPS. THE SULTAN MUST HEAR OF THIS!



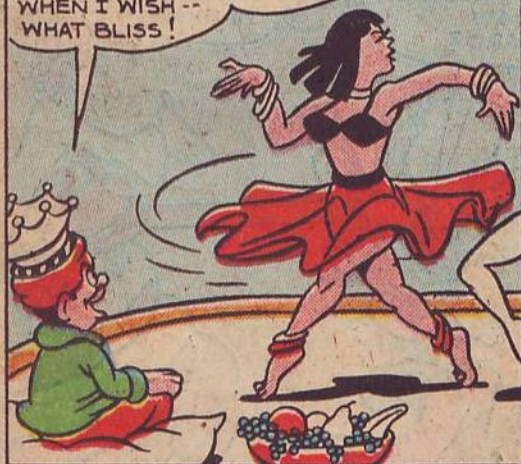
THE SULTAN DOES HEAR--

YOU'RE A GREAT FENCER, I HEAR, SO I CROWN YOU MY FAVORITE COURTIER!

I SHALL SERVE YOU WELL, MASTER



HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS. GOOD EATS-- AND I CAN GO INTO THE SULTAN'S HAREM WHEN I WISH -- WHAT BLISS!



YOUR FATHER IS SURROUNDED BY BEAUTIES, BUT OUR MONEY STILL COMES FROM MY SLAVING DUTIES!

MAMA IS JEALOUS?



I'M GLAD, GRETCH, YOU'RE NOT SORE. LIFE AT THE PALACE IS FAR FROM A BORE!

YOUR FAME AT THE SULTAN'S PALACE I'D LIKE TO SHARE. HOW ABOUT GETTING ME A JOB OVER THERE?



GRETCH GETS A JOB SCRUBBING DISHES IN THE PALACE KITCHEN--

I'VE GOT TO GET ALL OUT OF HERE, OR ELSE I'LL LOSE HIM, I FEAR!



ON THE PALACE GROUNDS.

IT'S ONLY A JOKE, SON,
BUT IF YOU STOLE THOSE BAGS,
IT WOULD BE FUN!

I'LL GET ROBO
AND DO IT!



I'VE BEEN ROBBED!
CALL OUT THE GUARDS!



THE SULTAN HAS PROMISED
ME THE PACIFIC OCEAN
IF I CAN FIND THOSE
BAGS!

GO HOME
AND FIND
ROBO---
THE BAGS
ARE THERE!



HERE IS YOUR
TREASURE IN 2 BAGS,
SULTAN. MAY I
HAVE MY
REWARD?

GREAT WORK, ALI!
BUT WE MUST SEE
IF EVERYTHING
IS HERE!



SO, ALI, YOU STOLE MY TWO
FAVORITE WIVES IN THIS
OTHER BAG!



DON'T FEEL SAD. YOUR WIFE IS
GLAD TO HAVE YOU IN HER ARMS-
SAFE FROM OTHER WOMEN'S
CHARMS!

YES, BUT MUST I GO
BACK TO HATEFUL
PICK AND SHOVEL
WORK OR WILL YOU
SUPPORT ME AGAIN
BY TAKING IN
WASHING?



THIS QUESTION WILL BRING OTHER TROUBLES
TO ALI BABA BUT MANY LAUGHS TO YOU IN
FUTURE ISSUES OF 'SPARKLING STARS'!

The recognized Women's Wrestling Champion
is thirty-one year old MILDRED BURKE.

BURKE

The queen of the canvas
has flattened over 1500 of
her opponents without
a loss.

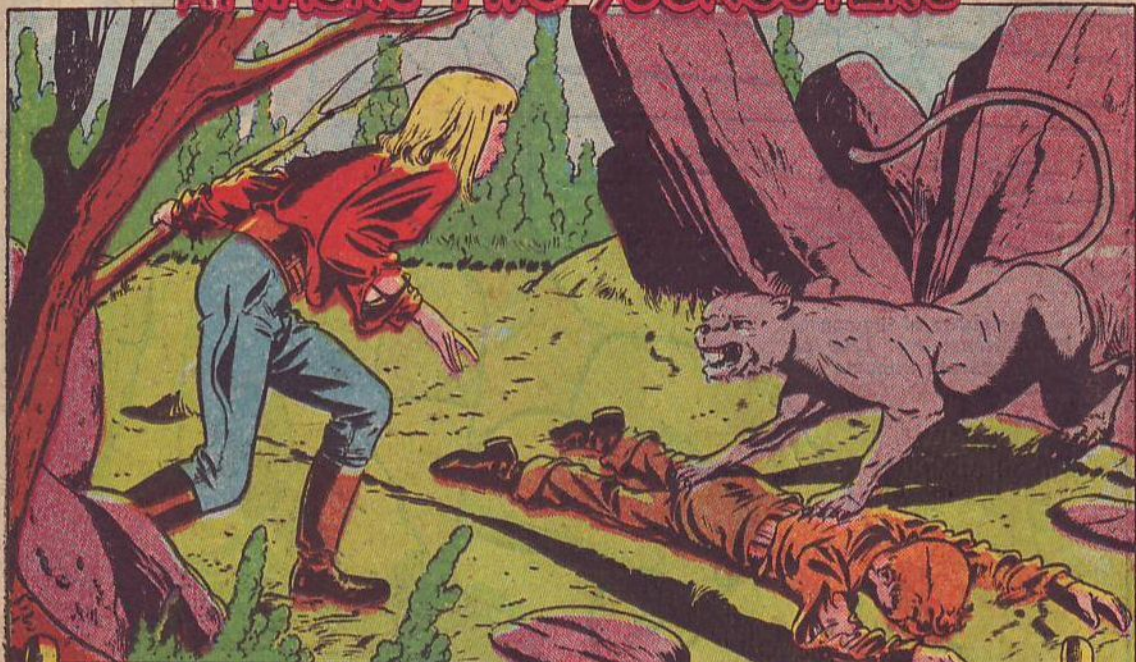
UNUSUAL SPORTS STARS

None of Mildred's opponents have been able to pin her muscled shoulders to the canvas and so, her undefeated record continues to grow. Mildred is well-versed in the art of applying arm-locks and flying mares and from this corner looks like a good bet to go on wearing her crown for a long time.

BATTLE AGAINST DEATH

COUGAR

ATTACKS TWO YOUNGSTERS



COURAGEOUSLY PROTECTING EACH OTHER FROM THE SAVAGE ONSLAUGHT OF A FEROCIOUS COUGAR, DOREEN ASHBURTON, 11, AND ANTHONY FARRER, 8, OF VAN COUVER ISLAND, B.C., FACED ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH..... FOR THEIR HEROISM THEY WERE AWARDED THE ALBERT MEDAL..... HIGHEST GOVERNMENT AWARD FOR CIVILIAN BRAVERY.

A BRIGHT AUGUST MORNING A COWICHAN LAKE, VANCOUVER....

ANTHONY, GET YOUR BRIDLE, QUICKLY! OUR PONIES GOT OUT OF THE CORRAL!

SURE, DOREEN

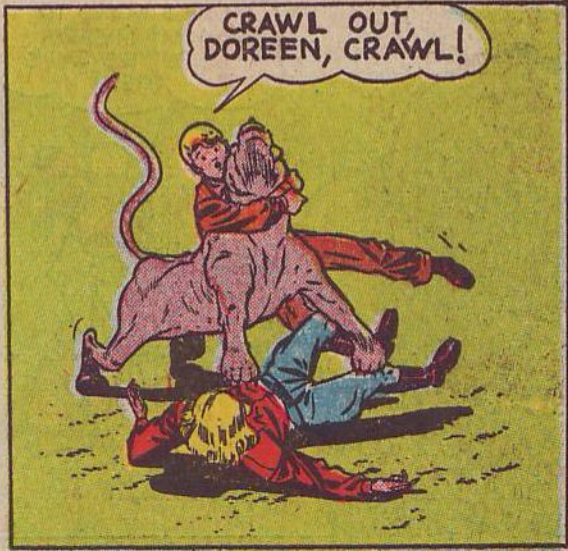
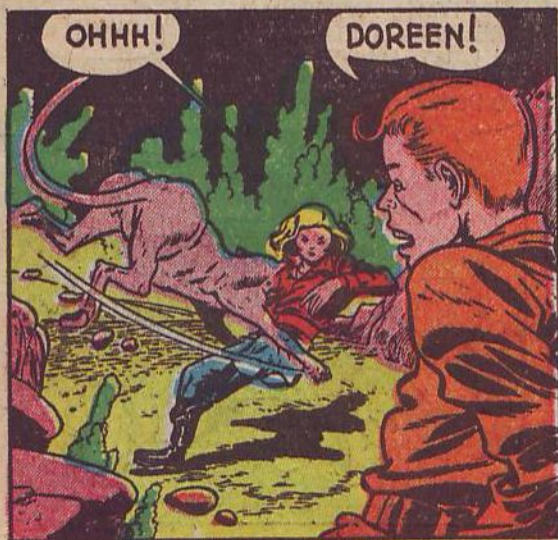


ONLY A HALF MILE FROM HOME, DEADLY PERIL AWAITS THE UNSUSPECTING PAIR.....

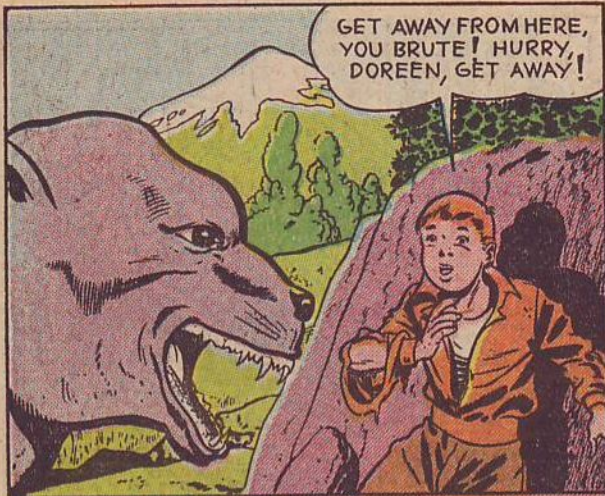
WHEN WE FIND THE PONIES I'LL RACE YOU BACK TO THE HOUSE!

ALL RIGHT! MY PONY IS MUCH FASTER THAN YOURS!





GET AWAY FROM HERE,
YOU BRUTE! HURRY,
DOREEN, GET AWAY!



HE'S GOT ME!

OHhh!



I'M COMING ANTHONY!
I'VE GOT TO BEAT HIM
OFF SOME HOW!

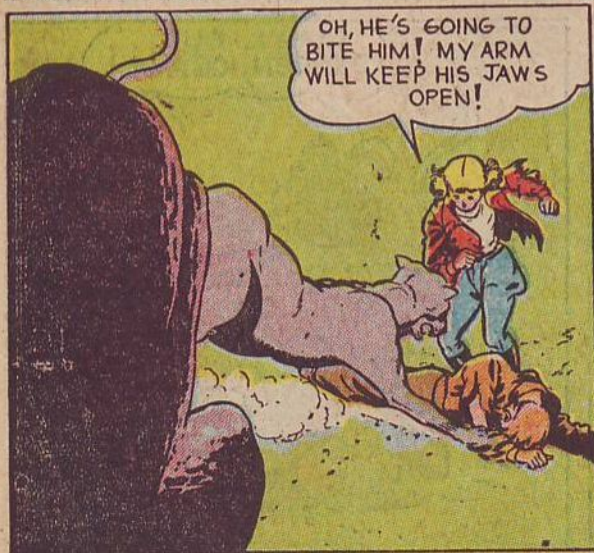


DROP HIM!! ANTHONY
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
OH, WHAT AM
I GOING
TO DO!

OHhh!



OH, HE'S GOING TO
BITE HIM! MY ARM
WILL KEEP HIS JAWS
OPEN!



ANTHONY, TRY AND ROLL
AWAY FROM HIM! TRY!
TRY!!

OHhh! I'M
TRYING!





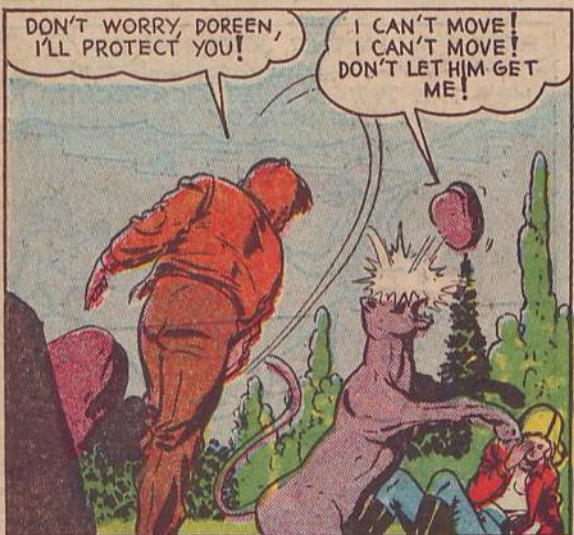
EEEEEE!!

THAT STONE! MAYBE I CAN
DRIVE HIM OFF WITH
THAT!



IF THIS DOESN'T WORK,
WE'RE FINISHED! I'VE GOT
TO HIT HIM! I'VE GOT
TO!

HELP! ANTHONY
HELP! I CAN'T
RUN!



DON'T WORRY, DOREEN,
I'LL PROTECT YOU!

I CAN'T MOVE!
I CAN'T MOVE!
DON'T LET HIM GET
ME!



HE'S GOING AWAY!
OH, ANTHONY, YOU DID
IT! YOU BEAT HIM!

WE'RE SAFE!
LET'S GET OUT OF
HERE BEFORE HE
COMES BACK!

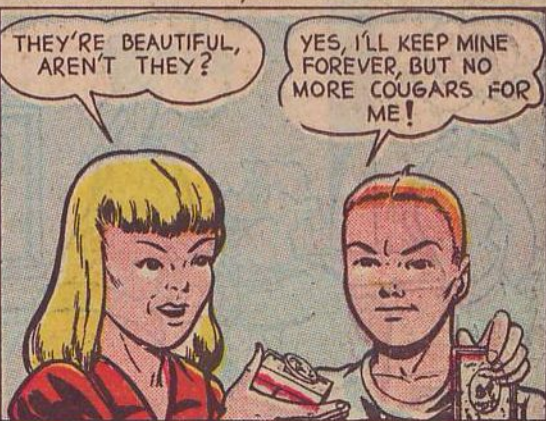
THE CHILDREN MANAGED TO REACH HOME....
THEY WERE NONE THE WORSE FOR THEIR
HARROWING EXPERIENCE.....



ANTHON! DOREEN!
WHAT HAPPENED? JIM! JIM!
COME QUICKLY, THE
CHILDREN ARE HURT!

WE'RE ALL RIGHT...

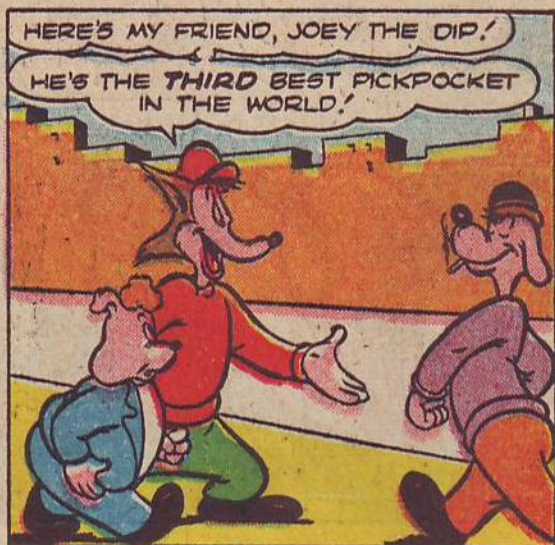
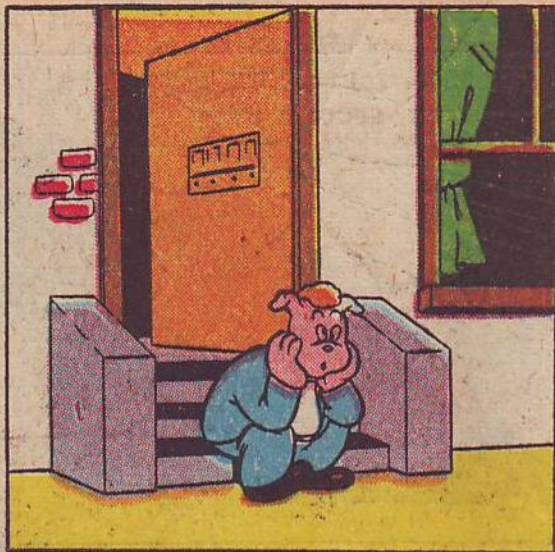
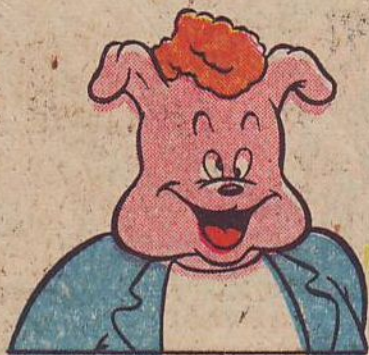
THE COUGAR WAS HUNTED DOWN AND KILLED....
THE STORY OF THE CHILDREN'S BRAVERY SOON
SPREAD AND THEIR HEROIC DEFENCE OF EACH
OTHER WAS AWARDED WITH THE 1934 GOVERN-
MENT ALBERT MEDAL, HIGHEST CIVILIAN AWARD....

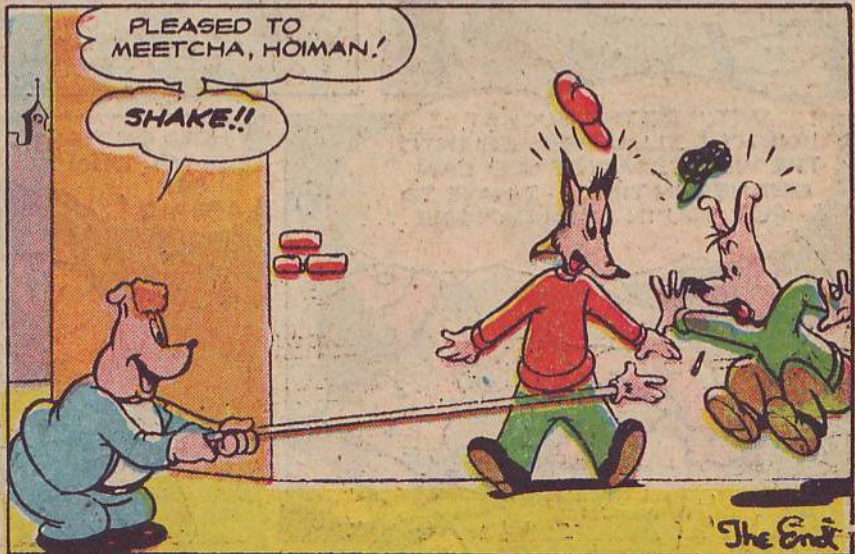
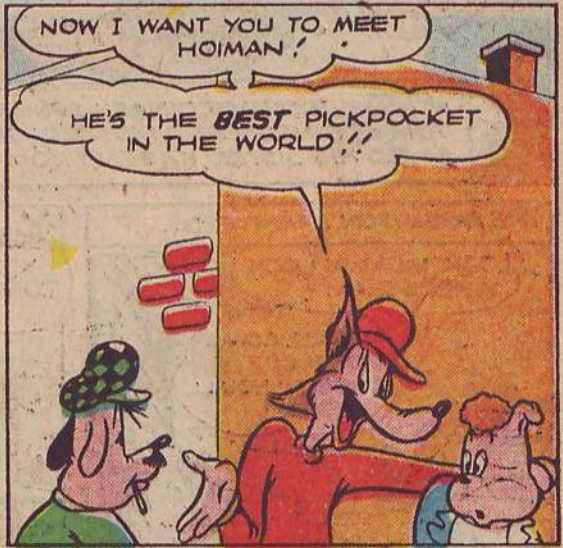
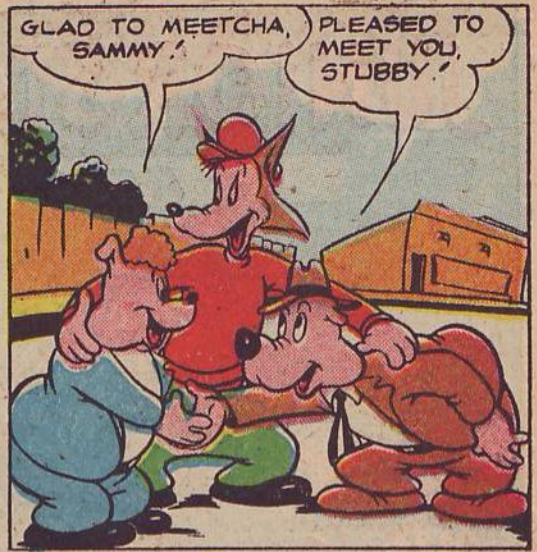
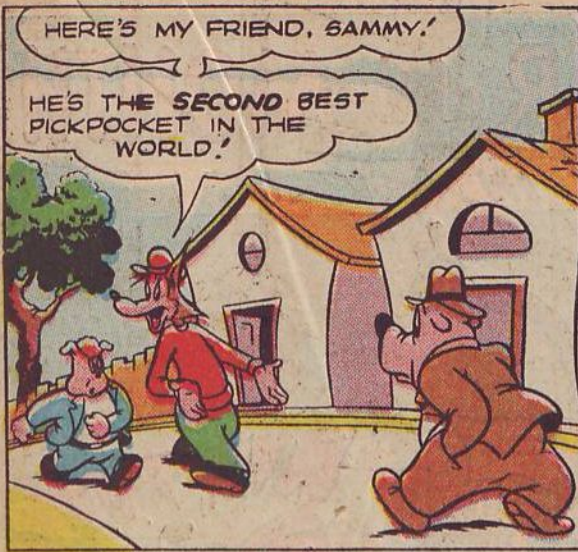


THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL,
AREN'T THEY?

YES, I'LL KEEP MINE
FOREVER, BUT NO
MORE COUGARS FOR
ME!

STUBBY BUB





JUNIOR STAR of the MONTH

A RESCUE IN A WELL



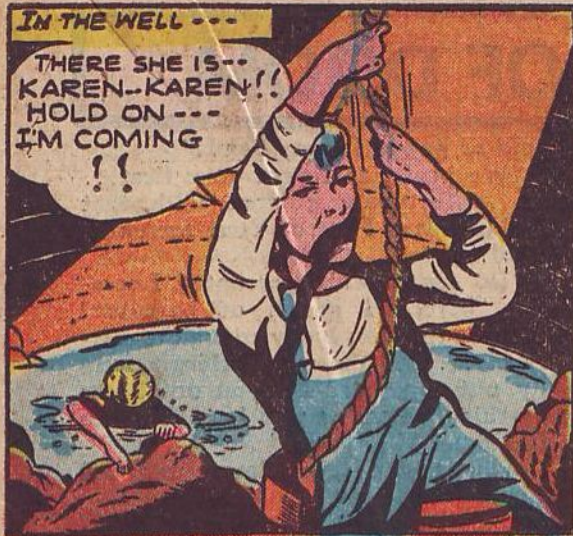
THE EXTRAORDINARY SPUNK AND COURAGE OF 8-YEAR OLD TOM ROBINSON AND MOTHER, OF KINGSTON, NORTH CAROLINA, SAVED HIS SISTER, KAREN, FROM DROWNING IN A WELL.....

THE ROBINSON FARMYARD...



IN THE WELL ---

THERE SHE IS--
KAREN--KAREN!!
HOLD ON ---
I'M COMING
!!



HOLD ON NOW-- MOMMY
IS GOING TO PULL YOU
UP --- I'LL HAVE TO
STAY DOWN HERE IN
THE WELL ---



AFTER WHAT SEEMED LIKE AGES ---



I C-CAN'T HOLD
ON M-MUCH LONGER.
I W-WISH M-MOMMIE
WOULD HURRY UP---

OH TOM, THANK
GOODNESS YOU
ARE ALL RIGHT !

IS
K-K-KAREN
OK-KAY
??



LATER--

TOM, YOU ARE A
REAL HERO. IF IT
WEREN'T FOR YOU,
KAREN WOULDN'T
BE HERE NOW !

BUT WITH-
OUT YOU,
MOTHER, I
WOULDN'T HAVE
KNOWN WHAT
TO DO



THE RING OF DOOM

"I, Lucretia, vow to leave this cursed place! And he who tries to stop me shall die!"

Pausing to read her feather-penned words on the parchment, the girl looked thoughtfully at the frescoes on her wall. To a passing stranger, she might have appeared young and sweetly innocent, bent perhaps, upon penning some love missive to her hero. Young she was... in her teens... but sweetly innocent? Never! She was Lucretia, daughter of the family Borgia, whose evil fame had already spread far beyond their native city, Rome.

There was a sudden movement at the door; a heavy boot kicked at a panel. Instantly, Lucretia thrust her parchment into a table drawer.

"My brother!" she thought in half panic, "He comes again to press my betrothal to some weak-minded man of our father's choosing. I must not let him guess that I plan to flee!"

By the time Cesare Borgia was in the chamber, Lucretia was well composed. "Ah, Cesare, my beloved brother!" she welcomed him mockingly. "Others may cringe at your step, but in future, you will rap on my door to announce yourself before you enter!"

If Cesare Borgia were at all capable of feeling, he must have suffered embarrassment at his sister's mockery. A willful tyrant, handsome, arrogant, he was nonetheless ill at ease before his sharp-tongued sister.

"Lucretia," he began, when he had collected his words, "our esteemed father wills that I again inform you of matters concerning your immediate and most happy future..."

"My immediate betrothal, you mean, Cesare! Be truthful! My happy deliverance from this accursed prison of a palace to another!"

Cesare fingered a pearl on his vest, continuing blandly, ignoring Lucretia's bitter outburst.

"You are of an age to marry," he said, "and naturally, as a Borgia, you are very valuable to our... ah... family plans."

"I see," snapped Lucretia. "My first marriage did not please you! My husband did not pay enough in

gold or power for my hand!"

"We prefer to forget your first... er... unfortunate alliance with that fool Sforza of Pesaro! Your next husband..."

"Do continue!" interrupted Lucretia, "before I perish of boredom! Who is the man lucky enough to marry me... and the whole Borgia family put together? Do you not know by this time that I will have freedom if I must kill for it?"

Almost tenderly Cesare stroked Lucretia's hair.

"Small sister," he smiled, "bitterness does not become you. Your noble birth means privilege... and sacrifice. You have no choice in marriage; you must take the man who does our cause most good. We plan your betrothal to Alfonso of Aragon, nephew of the King of Naples."

"A stuttering fool!" Lucretia strode angrily about the room, her trailing skirts brushing angry sparks into the thick rug. "Go, Cesare! Leave me alone to think! Tell our father that so long as I am his daughter, I will think as independently as he does!"

A short time later, as dusk was mantling the roofs of Rome, a group of three passed through a side gate of Borgia Palace. One, a husky bodyguard, was armed with knife and sword, shield and pike. With him bustled a small, stout woman, swathed in dark silk. Between them walked a slim figure, also wrapped to her eyes in silks. No disguise, however, could mask the features of Lucretia Borgia.

"I-I do not like this..." muttered the older woman to the bodyguard. "His Eminence will cast us out for allowing Donna Lucretia out upon the streets of Rome!"

"Let the girl have some pleasure!" the bodyguard replied. "She has little enough in that family of hers!"

Lucretia smiled in her hood. A fistful of gold does wonders, she thought.

For a distance, they walked, apparently unobserved. Then, sudden notice was taken of the richness of their dress, for, simple as their disguises were, the women's robes were gemlike, when compared to the rags of the Roman vagrants. Suddenly,

THE RING OF DOOM

street urchins descended upon them, begging for coins. Old hags feigned even greater age, to bargain for pity; their empty jaws and claw-like hands made Lucretia shudder. But for all the horrors of the streets, she enjoyed her temporary liberty.

As they entered a street of Bazaars, where small shops vied with one another for garish display, and screeching vendors almost deafened one, a sudden outthrust arm jerked Lucreita off her feet. A greedy hand went for her throat, where a strand of pearls gleamed against her skin.

"Down, beggar!" shouted the bodyguard, "back, to give me room enough to thrust my pike through you! Do you know the name of our lady you so rudely handle?"

"Hush, fool!" Lucretia's woman companion almost got in the way of the guard's weapon. "Above all, do not reveal our Mistress' name!"

It made very little matter, for now a street fight was beginning, as other unfortunates came to the aid of he greedy one. While the bodyguard was occupied in self-defense, and the matron beseeched him to stop, their mutual charge, Lucretia fled from them...down the cobbled street, up a flight of narrow stairs, behind the water fountain, and then, panting for breath, into a dismal hole by the side of a donkey stable. She was wild with her freedom; fascinated by the sights, and she had now no intention of returning to the confines of her wealth....

"Oh!" she started in panic, for upon her came a skinny shadow, as an old man emerged from the depths of this street cavern.

"Beauty...ah, beauty!" the man mumbled. "An artist prays that once his eyes will see true beauty....I am an artist!"

As though in gratitude for her presence in his sad hole, he led her back further, to where a candle flickered on a crude table. There she gasped, to see the display of ornate trinkets. There were delicate silver chains, lockets, rings...most of all, she coveted the rings.

The silversmith looked slyly at

her. "You like that ring?" he asked. "See here, I open it, and now it is a small box!"

Lucretia's mind was working quickly. The things she could put in that small box...where none would dream of looking!

"How much do you want for it, old one?" she asked.

"The pearls about your throat," he answered instantly.

"My brother Cesare gave them to me. He will be angry...but..." she tore the necklace from her throat, "Here! Now give me the ring!"

By the time she arrived home, there was great hubbub on the streets of Rome, for the bodyguard had battled his way back to the Borgias, and had announced that the young Donna had been snatched. Searching parties were scouring the city, and even Cesare was ranting and raging.

Thus, after this scare, Lucretia was well-received upon her return.

"Sister," said Cesare, as they left the dinner table. "Your future husband will arrive tonight, and I wish you to receive him cordially."

"Oh, I will, Brother! I will!" Unfortunately Cesare had not the vision or imagination to be suspicious of her new docility.

Alfonso did come. He might have pleased some other girl...but not Lucretia. She was even sorry that what would have to be would have to be....

"You may kiss my hand, if you like," she said. "Alfonso was suddenly flustered and embarrassed. He took the offered hand, bent down so that his lips might reach...and then....

"What an unusual ring you wear, Donna Lucretia!" he exclaimed. "It is indeed lovely!"

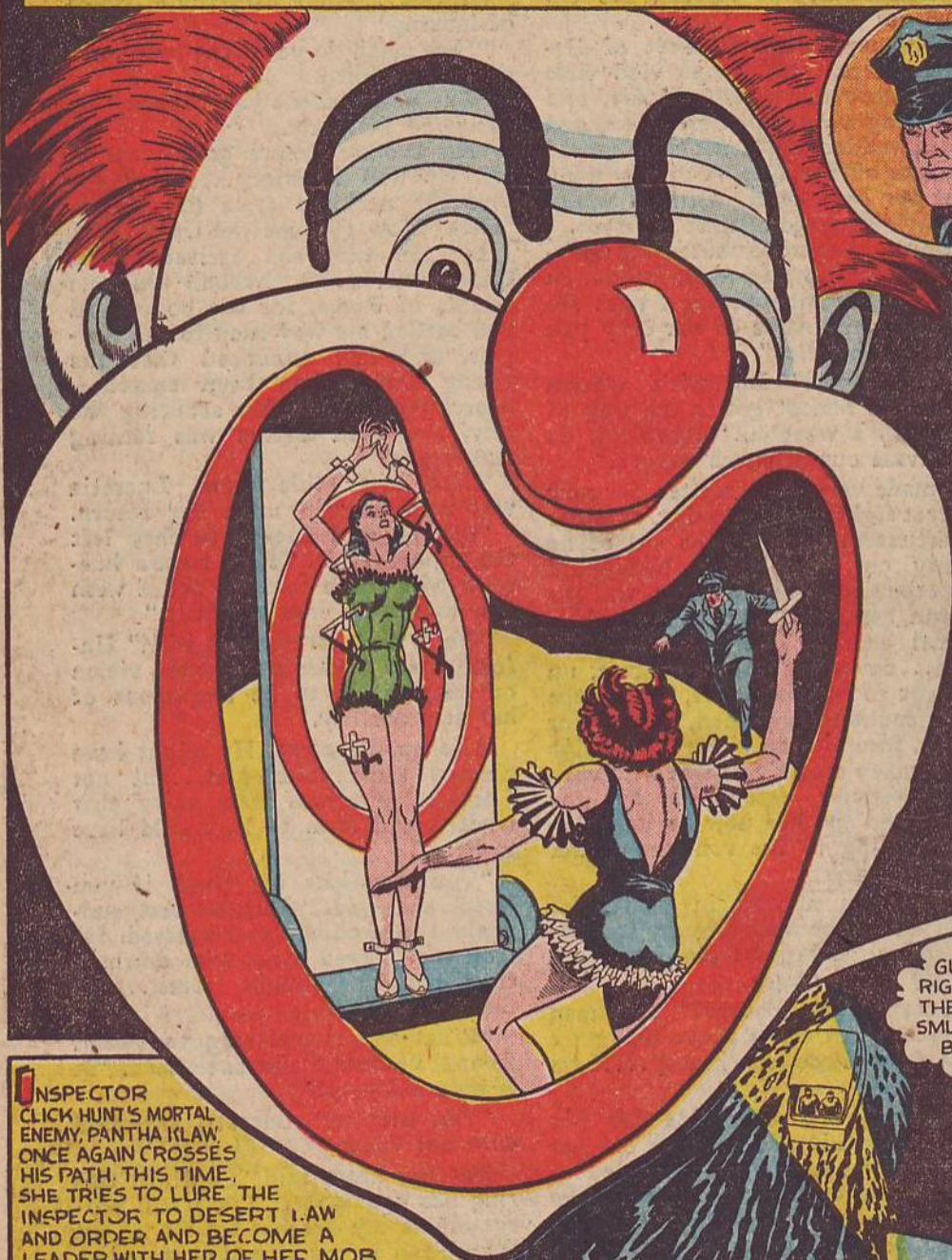
"Yes, isn't it?" Lucretia answered with her voice

But her heart said "Fool! In this ring lies your doom! Yes, I will marry you as my brother insists...but the poison in my ring will make me free again!!!"

THE END

INSPECTOR

CLICK HUNT



INSPECTOR
CLICK HUNT'S MORTAL
ENEMY, PANTHA KLAU,
ONCE AGAIN CROSSES
HIS PATH. THIS TIME,
SHE TRIES TO LURE THE
INSPECTOR TO DESERT LAW
AND ORDER AND BECOME A
LEADER WITH HER OF HER MOB.

DEATH TO ARIZONA LEE, CLICK HUNT'S
SWEETHEART, IS PANTHA'S DRIVING URGE,
SO THAT SHE MAY WIN CLICK HUNT
AS HER LOVER OR BREAK HIS MORALE.

IF MY
GUESS IS
RIGHT, THAT'S
THE DOPE
SMUGGLERS'
BOAT!





IT'D BE A SURE PROMOTION FOR ME IF I ...
WHA...!

CLICK VISITS ARIZONA LEE A SHORT WHILE LATER

OH, CLICK, DARLING, YOU COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED!

I WAS RIGHT ON THE SMUGGLERS' TAIL, WHEN, WHAT LOOKED LIKE A POLICE BOAT, CAME OUT OF NOWHERE AND SHOT MY SPOTLIGHT OUT. I LOST THEM IN THE DARK. I'VE GOT TO INVESTIGATE TO SEE IF THERE'S A TIEUP BETWEEN THEM AND THE POLICE DEPARTMENT!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

LISTEN, INSPECTOR, YOU'VE BEEN WORKING ON THESE SMUGGLERS LONG ENOUGH! WHY NO RESULTS?

I'LL GET THEM, CHIEF, AND WHEN I DO, THERE'LL BE MORE THAN SMUGGLERS IN THE ROUND UP!



WHO IN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT COULD HAVE TIPPED OFF THE SMUGGLERS THAT I WAS GOING AFTER THEM?

GET HIM NOW! THE BOSS WANTS HIM!



IT'S ABOUT TIME SHE'S BEEN GETTING MADDER EVERY MINUTE!

HERE'S THE PACKAGE THE BOSS WANTED DELIVERED!





HERE HE IS, BOSS!

GOOD! OKAY, OFFICER BROWN, YOUR TIPS WERE RIGHT. KEEP PLAYING ON MY SIDE AND YOU'LL BE PULLING DOWN A BIGGER SALARY THAN THE MAYOR!

CLICK REGAINS CONCIUSNESS IN TIME TO SEE



OKAY, MISS KLAU. I DID MY PART, WHERE'S MY DOUGH?

HERE! NOW GET OUT OF HERE. YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME WHEN I WANT MORE INFORMATION.



GET UP, HUNT! I'M GETTING TO HATE YOU MORE AND MORE! I COULD GO FOR YOU IF YOU WOULD ONLY JOIN MY MOB. BUT ALL YOU DO IS MESS UP MY PLANS!

I'LL SEE YOU BEHIND BARS FIRST. AND IF I EVER FIND WHO THAT TRAITOROUS COP IS, HE'LL BE WITH YOU!



HUNT, YOU EITHER JOIN MY MOB OR I'LL FINISH OFF ARIZONA LEE BEFORE THIS NIGHT IS OVER!

YOU'LL LOSE ON BOTH COUNTS!



OKAY, HUNT! YOU ASKED FOR IT! TIE HIM UP GOOD, SHORTY. YOU GUARD HIM WHILE THE BOYS AND I GO GET ARIZONA LEE!



A SHORT WHILE LATER

MISS LEE, WE'RE TAKING YOU FOR A RIDE..... TO THE CIRCUS!

BUT WHA?

MISS LEE, YOU CAN THANK
CLICK HUNT FOR A GLORIOUS
END TO YOUR LIFE. WE'RE
VISITING MY CIRCUS WHICH
IS A LITTLE ENTERPRISE OF
MINE I USE FOR HIDING
MY LOOT.

YEAH, WE'RE
GONNA
FINISH YOU
OFF IN
REAL
CIRCUS
STYLE!



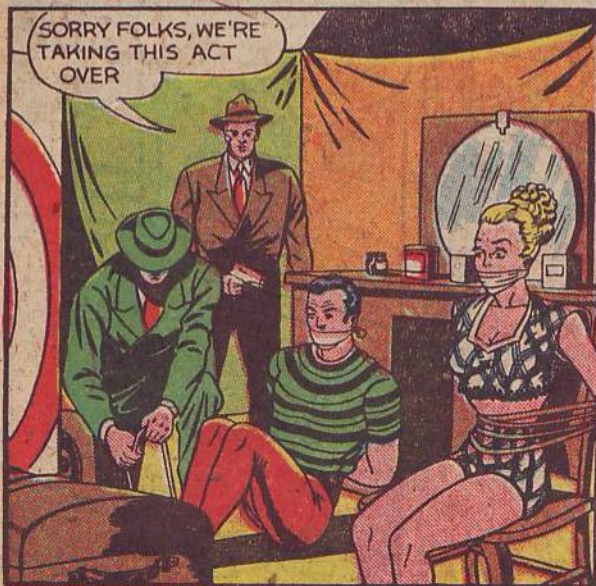
"KNUCKLES" RETURNS IN A FEW MINUTES.

THE KNIFE THROWING
ACT GOES ON IN A
FEW MINUTES, BOSS.

GOOD! TIE THE
PERFORMERS UP
AND LET ME KNOW
WHEN THE COAST
IS CLEAR.



SORRY FOLKS, WE'RE
TAKING THIS ACT
OVER



YOU GUYS STAND GUARD
OUTSIDE WHILE I AND
MISS LEE DON THE COS-
TUMES FOR OUR ACT



"KNUCKLES" FIND OUT
WHICH ACT GOES ON
NEXT. NONE OF THE
PERFORMERS KNOW
• THAT I OWN THIS SET-
UP, SO DON'T LET
ANYONE GET WISE.

OKAY,
BOSS.

ONCE YOU'RE OUT OF THE WAY, I'LL HAVE HUNT TO MYSELF. HE'LL JOIN MY MOB BECAUSE HE WON'T BE ABLE TO RESIST MY CHARMS AND WEALTH!

SHE'S ALL TIED, BOSS. SHALL I WHEEL HER INTO THE ARENA?



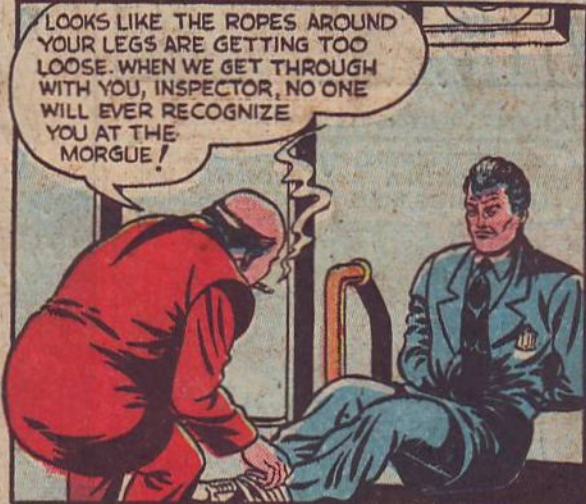
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE SMUGGLERS' YACHT WHERE CLICK IS A PRISONER

Y'SEE, COPPER, THIS CIRCUS THE BOSS OWNS, REALLY IS A COVER-UP FOR OUR LOOT. NONE OF THE COPS WILL EVER FIND OUR DOUGH AND GUNS 'CAUSE THE CIRCUS KEEPS MOVING FROM TOWN TO TOWN AND IT'S A LEGITIMATE ENTERPRISE.

PRETTY SHREWD.



LOOKS LIKE THE ROPES AROUND YOUR LEGS ARE GETTING TOO LOOSE. WHEN WE GET THROUGH WITH YOU, INSPECTOR, NO ONE WILL EVER RECOGNIZE YOU AT THE MORGUE!



OOOF!



GOOD THING THAT MUG SMOKES CIGARS. MY WRISTS WILL BE BLISTERED, BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY.



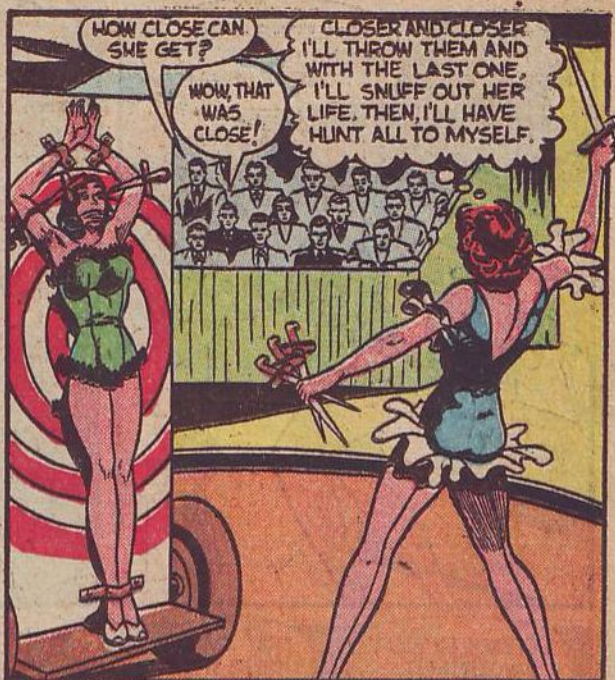
AFTER CLICK FREES HIMSELF FROM HIS BONDS

THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO GET ASHORE. I'LL HAVE TO ROW LIKE BLAZES IF I'M TO SAVE ARIZONA!





CLICK ARRIVES AND IN HIS SEARCH FOR ARIZONA, HE FINDS



CLICK FREES THE COUPLE





SOMETHING WENT WRONG. I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



OH DARLING, I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!

I LOST HER IN THE CROWD. C'MON HONEY, WE'RE AFTER PANTHA!

IS THAT PART OF THE ACT?

THAT COP WOULD HAVE TO BREAK UP A GOOD ACT



GO BACK TO YOUR APARTMENT, ARIZONA.

NO! I'M GOING WITH YOU!



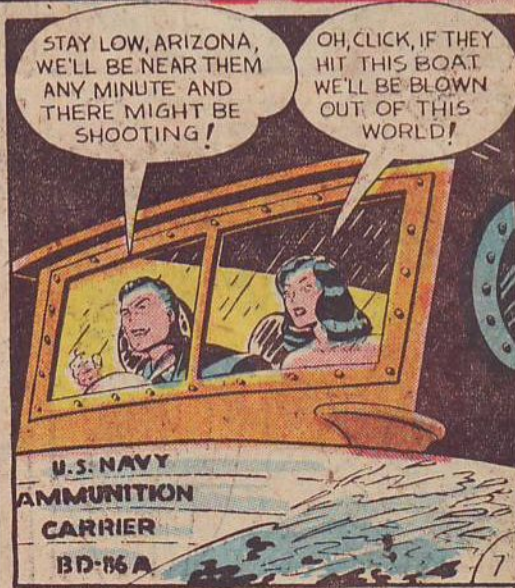
HEY! YOU CAN'T TAKE THAT BOAT!

WHAT'S THE IDEA?

SORRY FELLOWS, THIS IS OFFICIAL BUSINESS. HURRY, ARIZONA!



HEY! BE CAREFUL WITH THAT LAUNCH, IT'S LOADED WITH DYNAMITE!



STAY LOW, ARIZONA, WE'LL BE NEAR THEM ANY MINUTE AND THERE MIGHT BE SHOOTING!

OH, CLICK, IF THEY HIT THIS BOAT WE'LL BE BLOWN OUT OF THIS WORLD!

U.S. NAVY
AMMUNITION
CARRIER
BD-86A



THERE IT IS!

CLICK! THE BOAT IS MOVING. THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!



IT'S HUNT AND HIS GIRL! LET 'EM HAVE IT!



CLICK, THEY'RE FIRING AT US....

I'M AIMING THIS LAUNCH AT THE BOAT AND OPENING THE THROTTLE WIDE. GET READY TO JUMP!



OH, CLICK, TO THINK THAT I ALMOST LOST YOU TO THAT TERRIBLE WOMAN!

YOU CAN'T LOSE ME, HONEY... I HOPE THAT'S THE END OF PANTHA KLAU. NOW, I'VE GOT TO FIND THAT TRAITOR IN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT!

PAULINE BETZ, the 27-year old Los Angeles star, rules as the present queen of the tennis courts.

Pauline held the National Women's Singles Tennis crown for 3 consecutive years before losing the title to Mrs. Sarah Palfrey Cooke.

Once again in possession of the coveted crown, Pauline is now considering joining the ranks of the pros.



UNUSUAL SPORTS STARS

GERTRUDE MORAN, also from California, is a girl with a whole lot of tennis ability and promise according to West Coast experts.

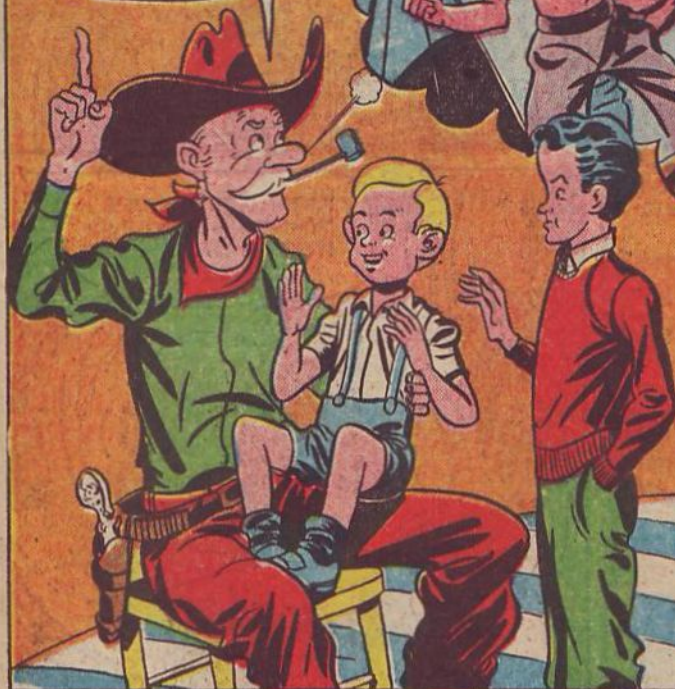
Miss Moran, after winning quite a few local tournaments, is considered a serious threat for some future National Women's Singles crown.

GERTRUDE MORAN



UNCLE BUNKLE

IT WAS THE
TOUGHEST SPOT
YOUR OLD UNCLE
BUNKLE HAD
EVER BEEN IN!



JOIN WINKY AND GULLY
AS THEY LISTEN TO THEIR
UNCLE BUNKLE SPIN
ONE OF HIS HAIR-RAISING
YARNS OF HIS YOUNGER
YEARS.

WE GUARANTEE ACTION,
FAST AND FURIOUS, WHEN
BUNKLE'S FABULOUS TALES
START TO UNFOLD.

WHAT WOULD A CIRCUS PARADE BE WITH-
OUT UNCLE BUNKLE IN IT SOMEWHERE?

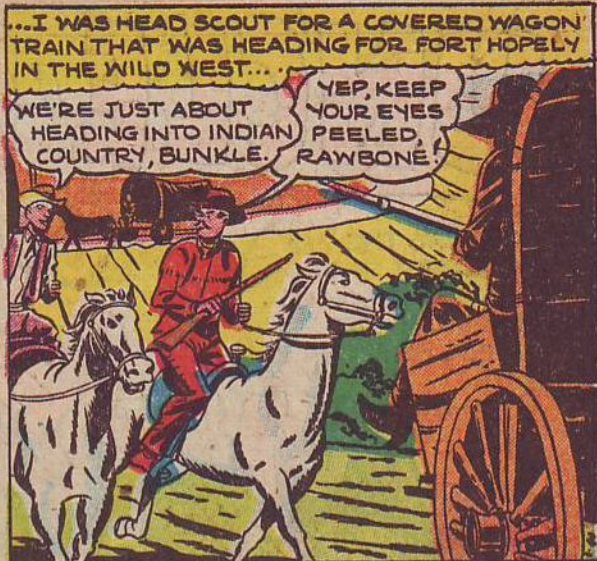
LOOK, WINKY, UNCLE
BUNKLE'S LEADING A
PARADE OF INDIANS!



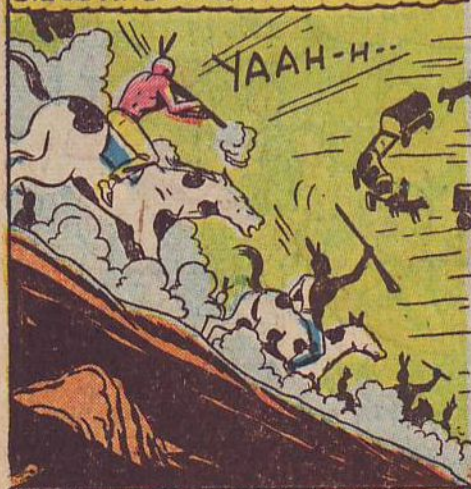
GOSH, UNK, YOU'RE
A BIG SHOT
INDIAN LEADER.
AREN'T YOU?

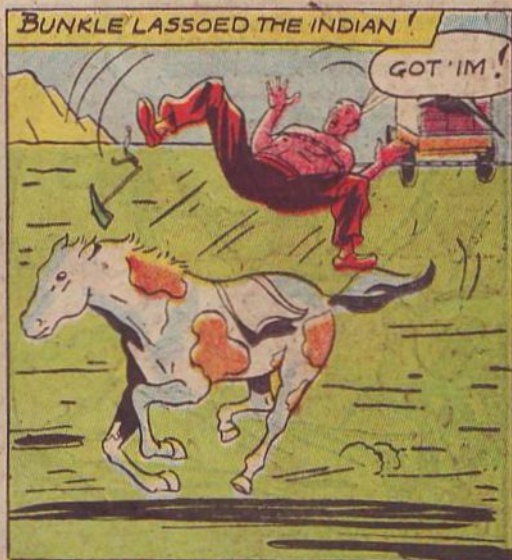
YOU SHOULD HAVE
SEEN THE HOWLING
SAVAGES I WAS UP
AGAINST BACK IN
1867!

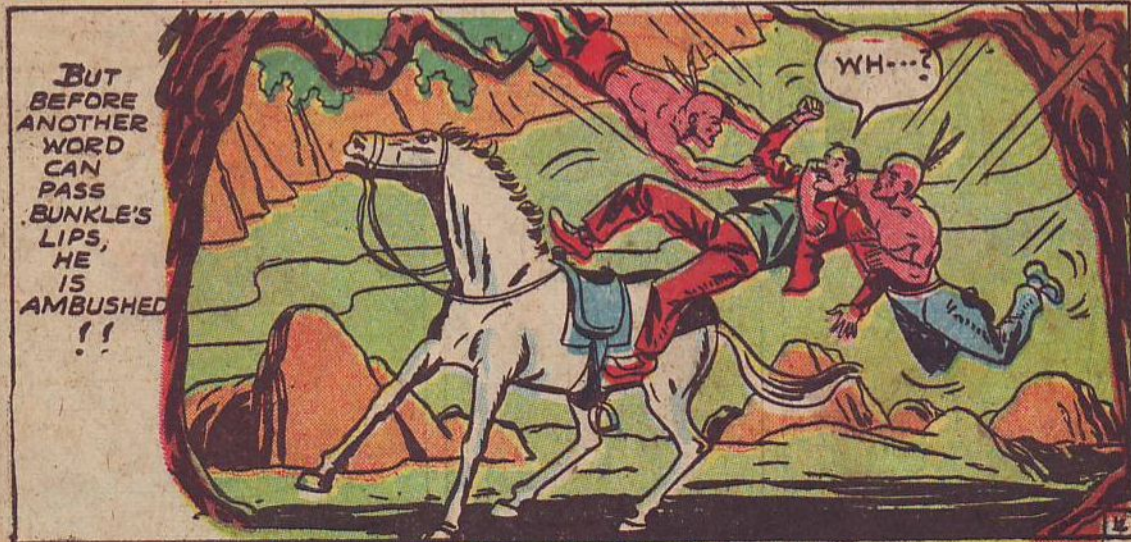
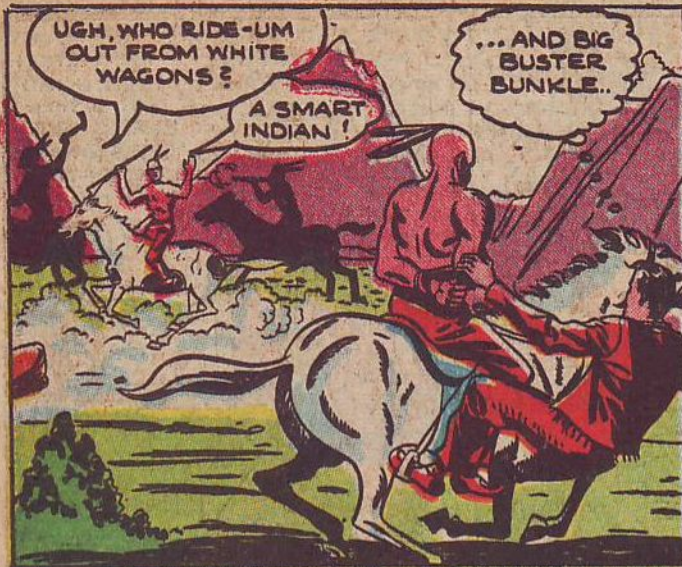




AND SECONDS LATER, THE SAVAGE SIEGE WAS UNDER WAY....



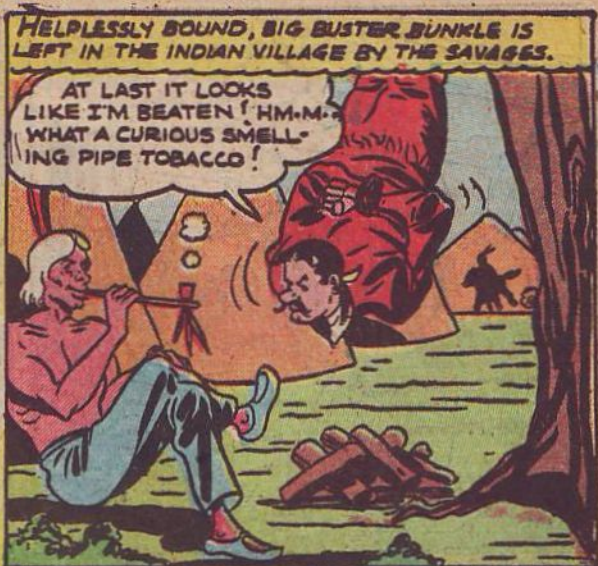






WE TAKE-UM
THIS PALE FACE
BUNKLE AND TIE-
UM UP IN VILLAGE.

AFTER WE
FINISH
WRECK-UM
WHITE MEN'S
WAGONS,
WE COME
BACK AND
SCALP
BUNKLE.



HELPLESSLY BOUND, BIG BUSTER BUNKLE IS
LEFT IN THE INDIAN VILLAGE BY THE SAVAGES.

AT LAST IT LOOKS
LIKE I'M BEATEN! HM-M-
WHAT A CURIOUS SMELL-
ING PIPE TOBACCO!



NOT TOBACCO. IT'S
LEAVES FROM OUR
WAH-NE-POO PLANTS.
IT MAKE-UM INDIAN
HAPPY THEN
S-L-E-E-P-Y...
Zzzzz



WAH-NE-POO LEAVES?
NOW IF I COULD ONLY
GET FREE!

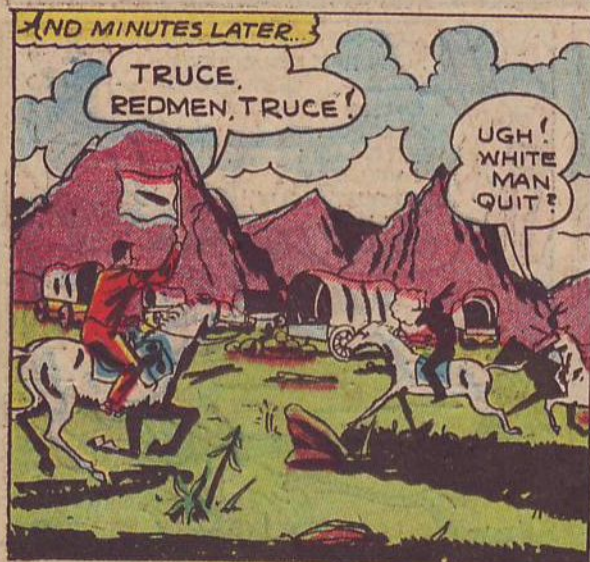
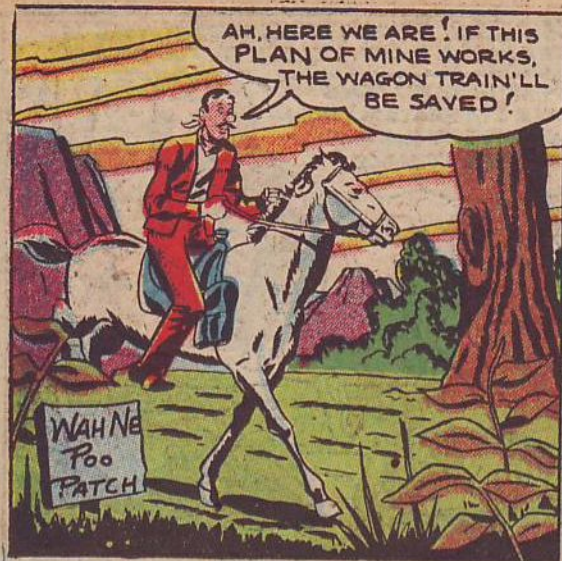
OH, IS
BEAUTIFUL
WHITE MAN
IN VILLAGE?
I, SWEET SIOUX,
WILL
HELP-UM!

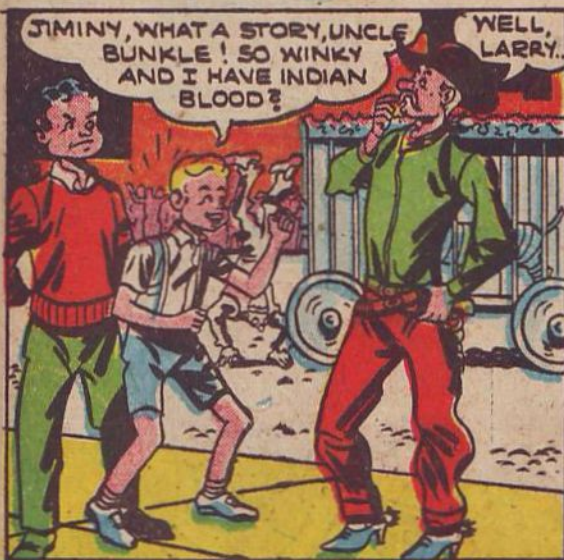
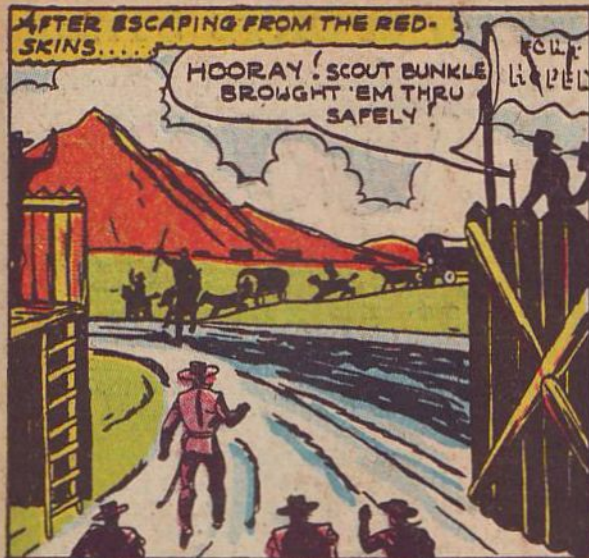


HANDSOME
HERO, I FELL
IN LOVE
WITH YOU AT
FIRST SIGHT.
I'LL ALWAYS
BE WITH YOU!



PERHAPS I'LL MARRY YOU, LOVELY
INDIAN MAIDEN... IF I ESCAPE
BEING BURIED ALIVE
BY YOUR -
TRIBESMEN.





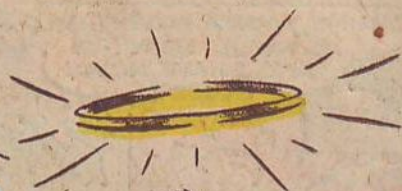
UNUSUAL SPORTS STARS.

BILL DURNAN

The Georges Vezina Trophy, awarded to the goalie who allows the least number of goals to be scored against him, went in 1947, to Bill Durnan for the 4th straight year.

The net-minder for Montreal allowed only 138 goals to go by him in 60 games for an average of 2.30.

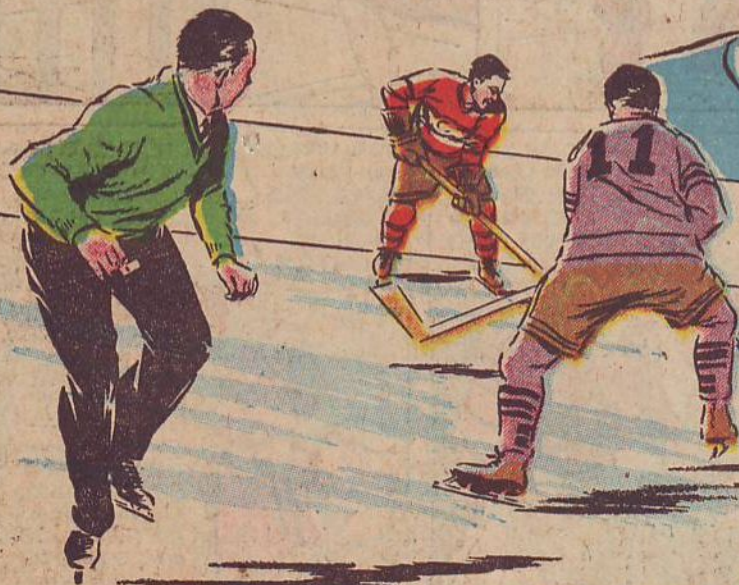
Durnan is the first goalie to walk off with the trophy 4 consecutive seasons. Chuck Rayner of the Rangers, however, turned in 5 shut-outs to lead there.



GUS MORTSON

The bad boy of the National Hockey League -

GUS MORTSON of Toronto who spent 133 minutes of skating time sitting in the penalty box, the equivalent of more than 2 complete games.





MUST GLORIA DEAN'S STRUGGLES TO SAVE JUNGOL FROM THE LATENT SAVAGERY IN HIS SOUL LEAD TO THE BLOODY SACRIFICIAL ALTER OF A JUNGLE PRINCESS?

FOR WHEN **PHIL GANT**, THE WORLD FAMOUS STAR OF THE "JUNGOL" MOVIES, TRAVELLED TO THE JUNGLE TO FILM A NEW PICTURE, HE LITTLE DREAMT THAT FATE MIGHT CHANGE HIM INTO A REAL-LIFE **JUNGOL!**

AND WHEN HIS LOVELY FIANCEE, GLORIA DEAN, SAW PHIL BECOME A SUPER-HUMAN BRUTE AFTER A BLOODY FIGHT WITH A GORILLA, SHE LITTLE SUSPECTED WHAT GHASTLY HORROR THIS FORBODE!

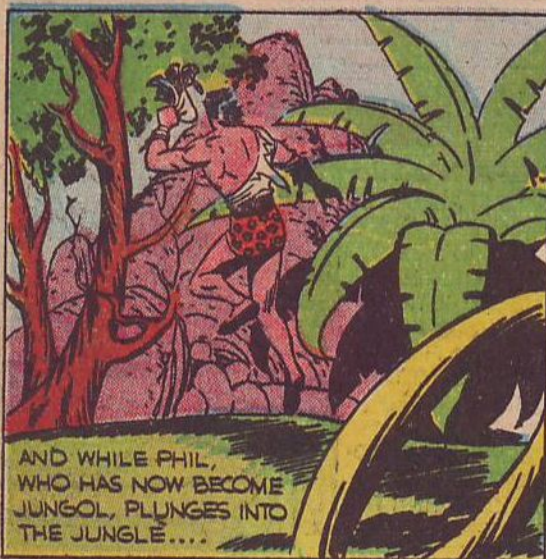


HEAVENS!

WUPS! A BIG
WAVE MUST
HAVE HIT US!



WAS THAT A
BREAK FOR
ME!



BACK ON SHIPBOARD, JOHN "MUSCLES" MALON, WHO AS STAND-IN FOR PHIL IN "JUNGOL" PICTURES, COVETED PHIL'S ROLE AND HIS FIANCEE ---





THANKS FOR
HAVING THE
HANDCUFF
KEY HANDY
IN YOUR
POCKET
FOR ME.



AND
THANKS
FOR THE
LOAN OF
YOUR
GUN!

PLEASANT
DREAMS,
PAL.

AND TWO DAYS LATER... IN THE JUNGLE...



WHEN THE SHIP LURCHED
AND THREW ME AGAINST
MALON, HE HACKED MY
HAND WITH HIS
HANDCUFF---



---BECAUSE HE KNEW
THAT BLOOD BRINGS
ON MY SAVAGE SPELLS
SINCE I FOUGHT THAT
GORILLA--HUH?
MALON!

HELLO,
JUNGOL.



YOU
HITLER
RAT!

AWG!



I WOULDN'T
IF I WAS
YOU!

OH-- YOU'RE
BEHIND AN
AUTOMATIC!





PREPARE FOR THE DANCE OF DEATH!

PRINCESS SADRI OFFERS ME A NICE HUNK O' GOLD IF I FIND HER A PERFECT WHITE MAN- SO I LEAD YOU INTO THAT GORILLA DEN SO SHE CAN CATCH YOU IN ACTION, SEE?



I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS!

SUCH TALK! AND AFTER I GET YOU IN ON THIS NATIVE KINGDOM'S MOST IMPORTANT SACRIFICIAL RITES!



BUT THAT NIGHT....

FORTUNATELY, MALON DOESN'T REALIZE THAT IN LEAVING JUNGOL'S WOUNDS BLEEDING JUNGOL HAS THE STRENGTH OF TEN MEN---



YIPE! GLUB!

SILENCE, FOOL!



IT IS STRANGE... WITH THE BLOOD WASHED AWAY, THE SAVAGE SPELL PASSES, AND I CARE ONLY ABOUT RETURNING TO GLORIA.



MALON, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, DON'T DO THIS!

WHY, I SHOULD THINK YOU'D LIKE BEING BURIED ALIVE WITH YOUR BOY FRIEND!

GLORIA!

JUNGOL FINDS GLORIA SOONER THAN HED HOPED. FOR NEXT MORNING....



YOU?-- AGH!

YOU DESPICABLE CREATURE!

PHIL!

BUT, WITHOUT HIS SUPER-STRENGTH, JUNGOL IS QUICKLY OVERPOWERED BY MALON'S MINIONS!

YOUR HERO
AIN'T LOOKIN'
SO TOUGH TO-
DAY... OKAY, LET
HIM UP, I GOT
HIM COVERED!



I'M KEEPING YOU COVERED
UNTIL YOU'RE STRAPPED
INTO YOUR DEATH CHAIR
AND THEY'RE DUMPIN'
THE DIRT ON YOU!

OH,
PHIL!



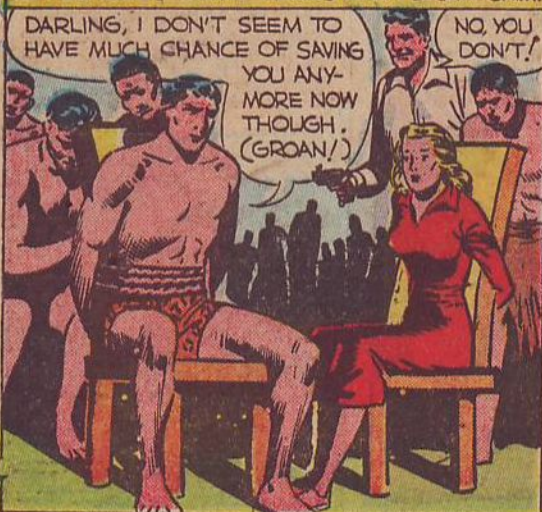
I'LL
SAVE YOU
SOMEHOW!



BUT JUNGOL'S BRAVE WORDS SOON BECOME GRIM.

DARLING, I DON'T SEEM TO
HAVE MUCH CHANCE OF SAVING
YOU ANY-
MORE NOW
THOUGH.
(GROAN!)

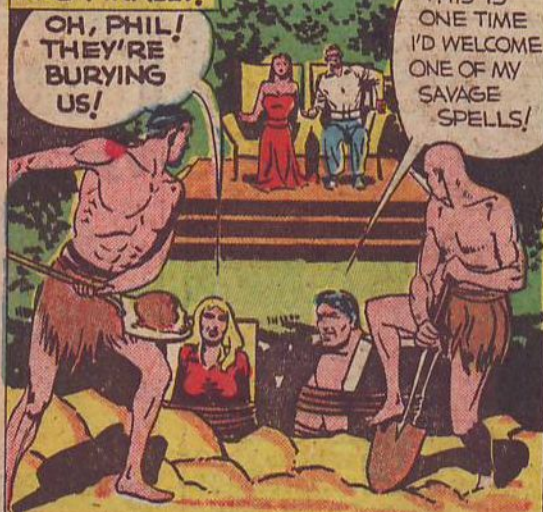
NO, YOU
DON'T!



AND FINALLY!

OH, PHIL!
THEY'RE
BURYING
US!

THIS IS
ONE TIME
I'D WELCOME
ONE OF MY
SAVAGE
SPELLS!



I COULD
NEVER
BREAK
THESE
BONDS
OTHERWISE...
OH, OH!

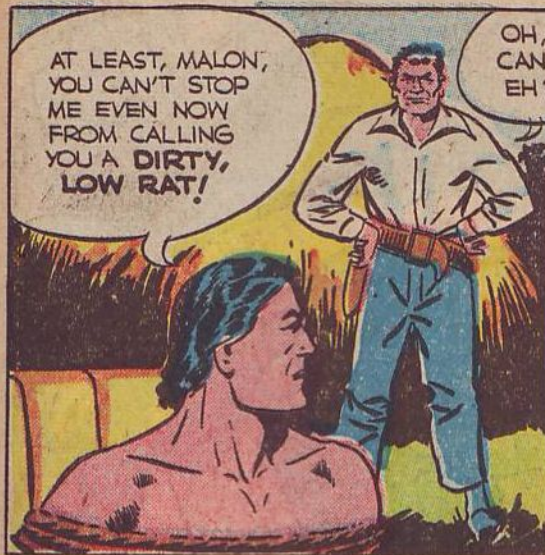
MAYBE IF I THROW IN A
FEW ROCKS, IT'LL HELP
TO FILL IN YOUR GRAVES
FASTER... WUPS! OH,
SO SORRY.

OH,
OW!



AND MAYBE I HAVE AN IDEA!
IT'S WORTH A TRY ANYWAY....





UNUSUAL SPORTS STARS

One of the greatest of Bowling champions is 41-year old **JOE WILLMAN**, Bowling's Man of the Year for 1946.

Joe is the ABC's all-events king and holder of the National match-game title. The Chicago kegler can boast of more titles and records than practically any other man in Bowling.



NED DAY

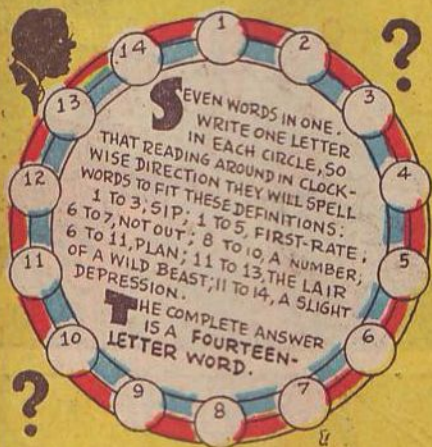
FALCARO

Joe Falcara and Ned Day also are no slouches at Bowling. Joe is the only man with 59 perfect games to his credit and the undefeated match-game champion.

Ned Day of Wisconsin has won the National match-game Bowling title 5 times and is great on trick shots.



Puzzle Page



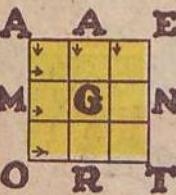
TRY TO SPELL A BOY'S NAME BY USING THE INITIAL LETTERS OF EACH OF THESE PICTURES.



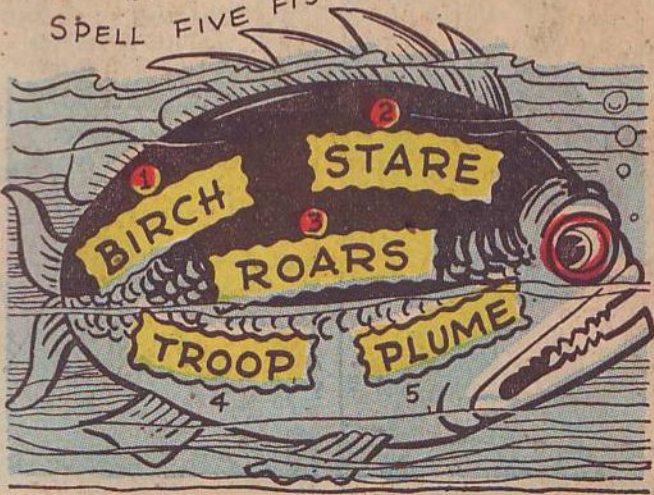
TRY TO SPELL TWO FIVE-LETTER FRUITS BY THE USING ONLY THE LETTERS ON THE TREE TO FORM EACH WORD.



CAN YOU PRINT ONE LETTER IN EACH EMPTY SQUARE SO THAT THEY WILL FORM SIX THREE-LETTER WORDS?



CAN YOU CHANGE JUST TWO LETTERS IN EACH GROUP TO SPELL FIVE FISH?



1	1	1	1
3	3	3	3
5	5	5	5
7	7	7	7

→	→	→	→	→
→	→	→	→	→
→	→	→	→	→
→	→	→	→	→

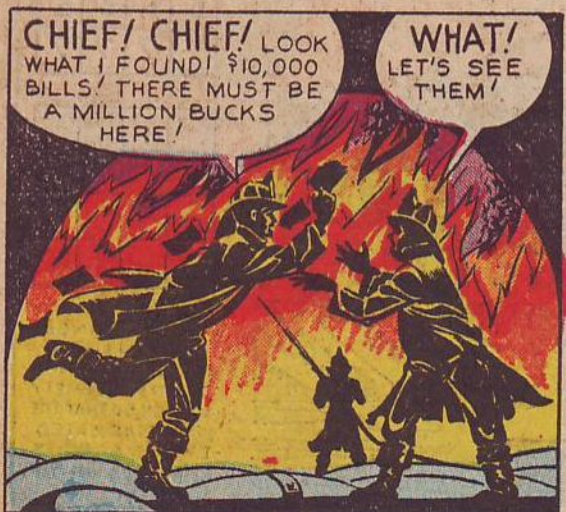
USE ALL THE LETTERS SHOWN. THE WORDS MUST READ IN THE DIRECTIONS OF THE ARROWS. THE 'G' IS PLACED CORRECTLY.

REARRANGE ALL THE NUMBERS SHOWN, ONE IN EACH EMPTY SQUARE, SO THAT THE 10 ROWS INDICATED BY THE ARROWS WILL ADD UP TO EXACTLY 16.

MILLION DOLLAR RESCUE



A FIREMAN MANAGES TO CRACK HIS WAY INTO ONE OF THE OFFICES...

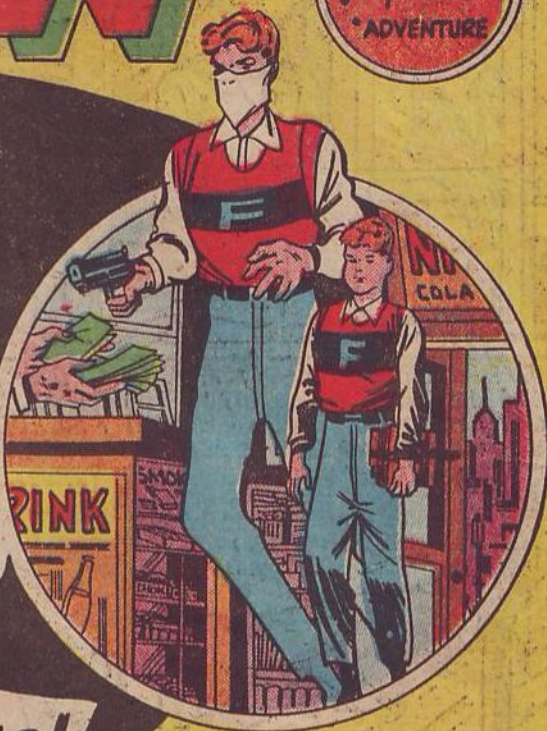


OPERATION: LAW



Can BOYS WHO HAVE GONE WRONG BE CHANGED INTO FINE USEFUL MEN? THE ANSWER TO THIS VITAL QUESTION IS GIVEN HERE BY JAY BROOKS, SOCIAL WORKER, WHOSE ADVENTUROUS ACTIVITIES COLLIDE WITH FRANK JONES AND OTHER...

YOUTHFUL DELINQUENTS!



JAY BROOKS ---
EMPIRE CITY, U.S.A.---

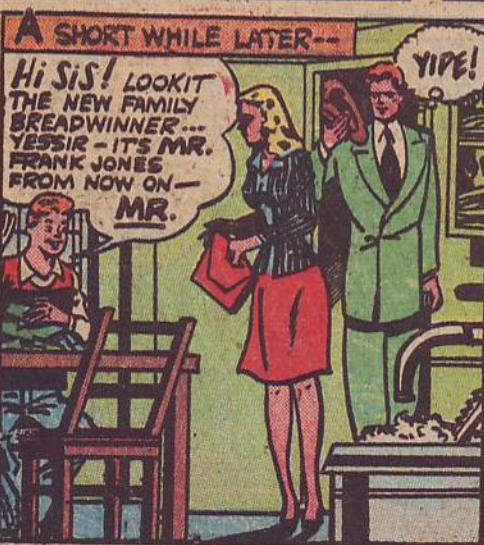
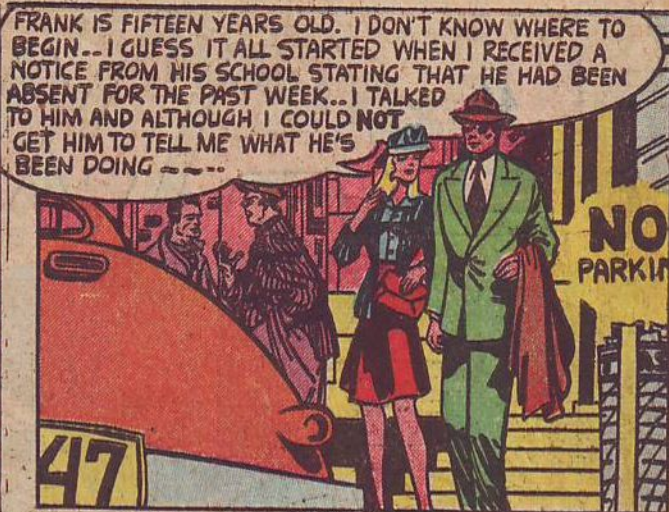
—IT'S MY BROTHER FRANK, MR. BROOKS. LATELY HE'S BEEN COMING HOME WITH ROLLS OF MONEY. I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK..HE REFUSES TO TELL ME WHERE HE GETS IT FROM!! I DON'T WANT THE POLICE...



BUT I GUESS THAT I'VE MADE A MISTAKE COMING TO YOU-- IT'S A FAMILY AFFAIR --AND I COULDN'T AFFORD TO PAY YOUR FEE.

ONE MOMENT MISS JONES -- YOU'RE WRONG!







POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

MR. BROOKS, GILMORE'S RECORD IS SHORT AND SOUR -- HE'S SERVED TIME IN THE PENN FOR ASSAULT, BLACKMAIL AND COUNTER-FIETING -- **THAT** IS IT IN A NUT-SHELL!

H'M -- I KNOW THAT HE'S OUT NOW, AND IS UP TO NO GOOD -- I'M GOING TO LOOK HIM UP!

AS JAY BROOKS LEAVES...

MR. BROOKS!

HOW'S ABOUT A BREAK, COPPER?

SHUDAP!

I TRIED TO FIND OUT WHY BULL GAVE FRANK THE MONEY... HE RAN OUT... BUT SAID SOMETHING ABOUT BRINGING ALL OF THE KIDS ON THE BLOCK TO HIS APARTMENT -- HE'S ON HIS WAY THERE NOW --

WE'RE ALSO GOING TO PAY GILMORE A VISIT --- **COME ON!**

MEANWHILE ---- IN THE LUSH APARTMENT OF BULL GILMORE...

GLAD TO SEE YOU KIDS -- WELCOME --

ARE WE GONNA HAVE AS MUCH MONEY AS **YOU**, B-BULL?

SURE FELLOWS -- SURE. STICK WID ME AN THE BOYS -- WE'LL START YOU OFF RIGHT -- BY TEACHIN' YA HOW TO DRIVE AN' PICK AUTO LOCKS.

YEAH, WILL WE?

ALL YA HAVE TO DO IS PICK UP A FEW CARS EACH WEEK -- AND BRING 'EM TO ME. I'LL PAY YA **TWO HUNDRED BUCKS PER CAR --**

GOSH!

IT ALL SOUNDS SWELL BULL --- BUT WHAT HAPPENS IF WE GET CAUGHT? **WHAT THEN ??**

I GOT LOTS OF PROTECTION -- IT'S A CINCH ---

IT'S A **CINCH** THAT CHARACTERS SUCH AS **YOU** -- BULL GILMORE -- SHOULD HAVE A RESERVED CELL IN THE STATE-PEN.



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER ...

YIMMINY. THERE THEY ARE!

BREAK IT UP..THE WHOLE PACK OF YOU.. AND --- MR. BROOKS - ARE YOU O.K.? FINE MALLORY..A BIT MUSSED UP-

IF YOU GET THESE CRUMBS
BACK TO THE COOLERS - WHERE
THEY BELONG, I'LL BE DOWN
IN A FEW MINUTES TO REFEED
CHARGES.. THE KIDS ARE O.K.
SEE YOU SOON..

CHECK.

SUE, I'M CERTAIN THAT THESE BOYS AND GIRLS ARE TOP-NOTCH. I'M GOING TO SPEAK TO CERTAIN PEOPLE AND WE'LL TRY TO GET A LARGE PLAYGROUND BUILT IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD-- GILMORE WON'T INFLUENCE ANY OTHER YOUNGSTERS

IT DOESN'T REALLY TAKE TOO MUCH TO MAKE FELLOWS HAPPY ... GUESS I'LL GET GOING.

YIPPEE

FOOTBALL TENNIS TRACK BASEBALL

ALL'S WELL THAT
ENDS WELL ...
SO LONG, FOLKS!

M-MR. BROOKS
BEFORE YOU
GO —

6

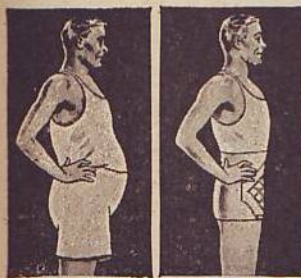
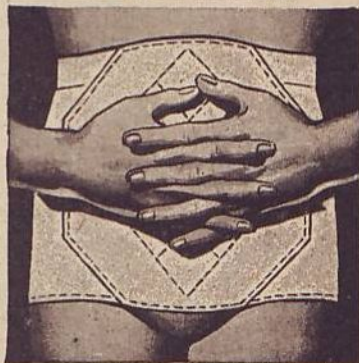
Hundreds of Thousands of Men



**Make
This Test**
with your own hands
and feel what we mean

**The Secret of
the "Interlocking
Hands"**

Only COMMANDER contains this New principle. A porous non-stretch material is built into the special stretchy body of the COMMANDER . . . In the outline of two interlocking hands for EXTRA DOUBLE SUPPORT where you need it most. NO BUCKLES, LACES or STRAPS.



**FREE
10 DAY TRIAL!**

If it fails to do all we say, send it back and the purchase price will be promptly refunded.

Only **\$2.98**
Special Large Sizes, 48 to 60, \$3.98
SIZES 28 to 47

Appear

SLIMMER..

FEEL BETTER, LOOK YOUNGER

with **COMMANDER**

The Amazing NEW Abdominal Supporter

Yes, instantly, you, too, can begin to feel ALIVE . . . ON TOP OF THE WORLD by joining the Parade of Men who are marching up the highway of happier living with the COMMANDER, the amazing new Men's Abdominal Supporter.

GET "IN SHAPE" INSTANTLY

AND ENJOY A HAPPY STREAMLINED APPEARANCE

The COMMANDER presents the exclusively designed "INTERLOCKING HANDS" principle for extra support where you need it most. It flattens the burdensome sagging "corporation" and restores to the body the zestful invigorating feeling that comes with firm, sure "bay window" control. Order this new belt today and begin enjoying the pleasure of feeling "in shape" at once.

BREATHE EASIER—TAKE WEIGHT OFF TIRED FEET

The helpful uplifting EXTRA SUPPORTING power of the COMMANDER firmly supports abdominal sag. The instant you pull on the belt you breathe easier . . . your wind is longer . . . you feel better!

YOUR BACK IS BRACED—

YOUR CLOTHES FIT BETTER—YOU APPEAR TALLER

The COMMANDER braces your figure . . . you look and feel slimmer . . . your clothes fit you better. Your friends will notice the improvement immediately.

COMMANDER IS NEW AND MODERN!

The absence of gouging steel ribs, dangling buckles and bothersome laces will prove a joy. COMMANDER has a real man's jock type pouch. IT GIVES GENUINE MALE PROTECTION. Try this amazing new belt with full confidence . . . and at our risk. SEND FOR IT NOW!

Commander Wearers All Over America Say—

"I am sure you will be pleased to know that it is by far the best and most practical supporter I have ever had. I have been pleased to show it to several of my friends and they are likewise impressed with it. You shall probably hear from some of them in the future."

—Dr. A. M. S. Standish, Mich.

I wouldn't be without this supporter for ten times what it costs."

—Dr. C. C. S., St. Charles, Ill.

"I recommend the Commander for what it is made for. It sure has been a great help to me. I want to thank you for what it has done. I might add it has helped me more than anything I have ever tried."

—P.N., Fort Knox, K.Y.

"Enclosed find order for another belt.

Above are just a few of the many unsolicited testimonials for the Commander that we receive regularly. Originals of these and others are on file.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

INTRODUCTORY TEN-DAY TRIAL OFFER

WARD GREEN CO., DEPT. T-5A9
113 WEST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Send me the "COMMANDER" for ten days Trial. I will pay postman the special price of \$2.98 plus postage. If not satisfied after wearing it ten days, I may return it and the purchase price will be promptly refunded.

My waist measure is.....My height is.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

☐ Check here if you enclose \$2.98 with this order and we will pay postage charges. The same refund offer holds.

ADVICE TO "SPARKLING STARS" READERS

BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads
And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles
JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By Betty Memphis



Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours — take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become in-

fectured and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.



The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an anti-septic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too — in fact, your money will be refunded

if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 204, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it! — the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

